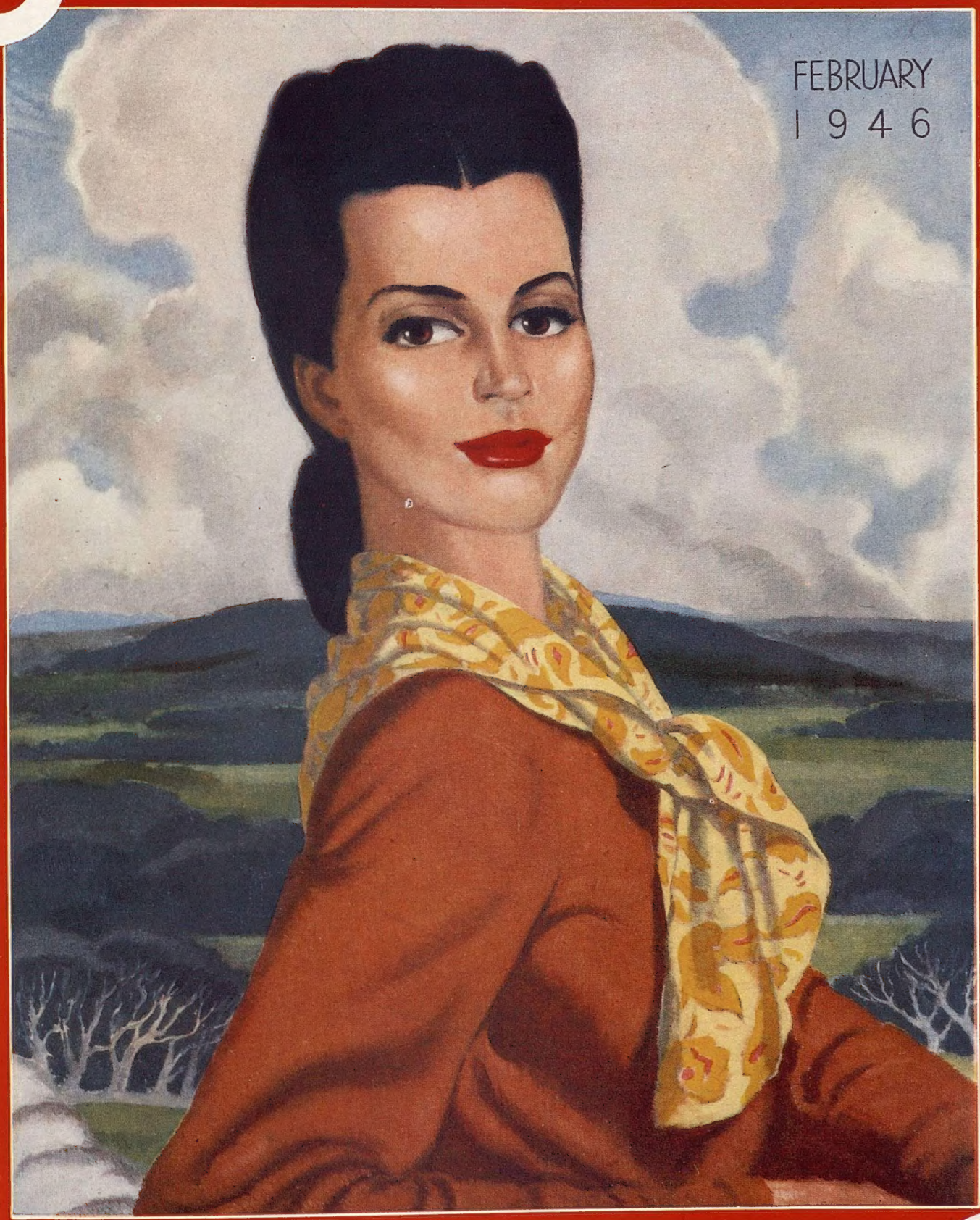
BRITANNIA and EVE



FEBRUARY
1946

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 32, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1946

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by *Winter*

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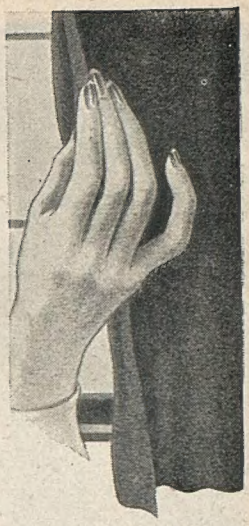
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.



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that her polishes will become available in the not too distant future. The wartime control of many of the ingredients of fine nail polishes has been lifted, but it is not yet possible to say when stocks of polish can reach the shops. So Peggy Sage hopes you will be patient. Meanwhile the Peggy Sage Salon continues to give to its clients every possible attention.

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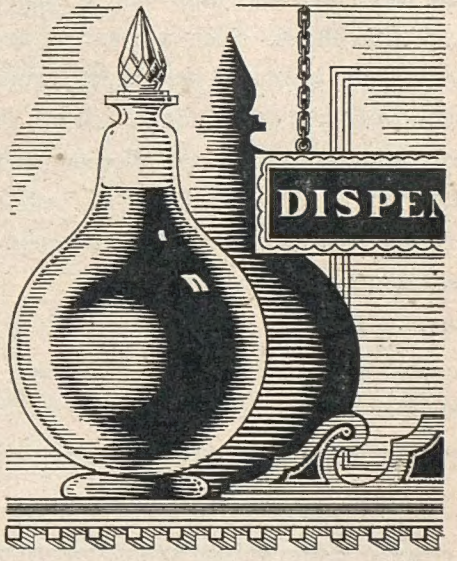

THE "carboy," ancient symbol of the chemist's craft, still glows brilliant and mysterious in many a chemist's shop window. It tells all passers-by that there is within, at their service, all the fund of pharmaceutical knowledge that the chemist has acquired by four year's apprenticeship and many years of study and practice. The chemist's advice is always sound.

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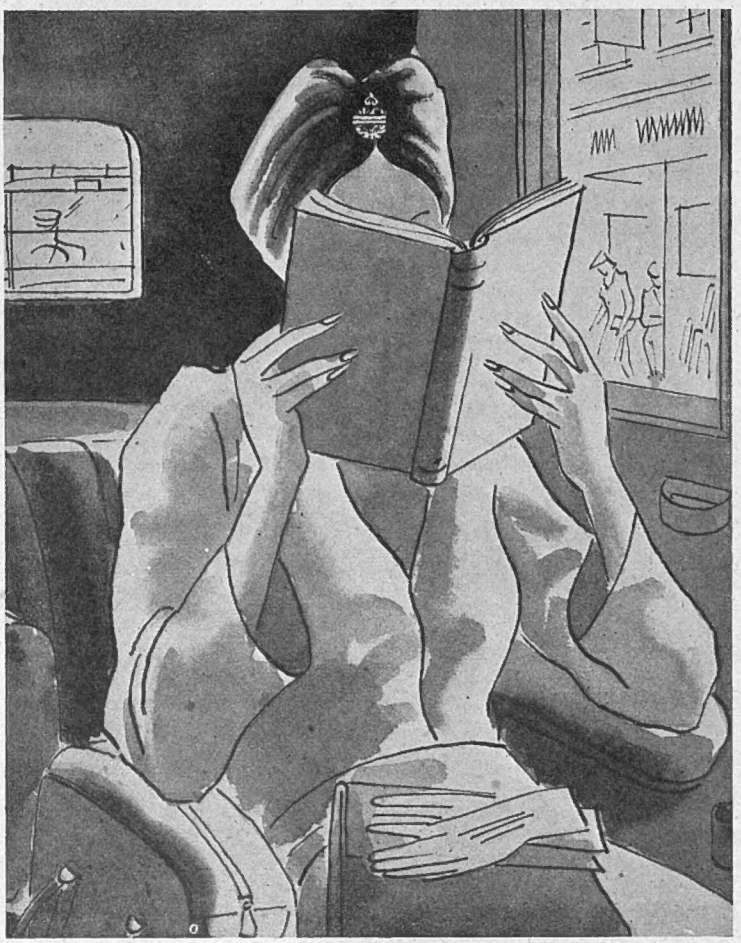

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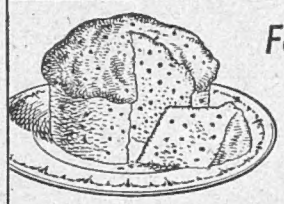
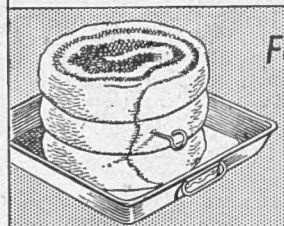


For cakes and pies
EXACT HEAT



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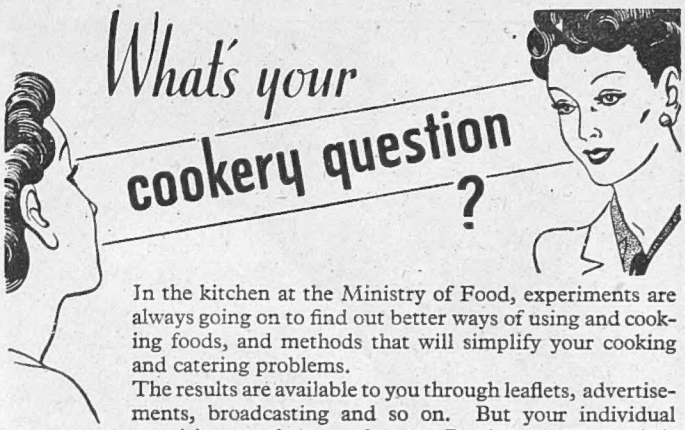

What's your cookery question?

In the kitchen at the Ministry of Food, experiments are always going on to find out better ways of using and cooking foods, and methods that will simplify your cooking and catering problems.

The results are available to you through leaflets, advertisements, broadcasting and so on. But your individual enquiries are always welcome. By the way, all work is done in an average small kitchen with the limited equipment we all have to put up with nowadays, so the advice you get is really practical. Here are some recent questions, of general interest, selected from our postbag.

A quicker way to cover a pie?

Instead of making a separate pastry rim, roll the pastry about 2 in. larger than dish you are covering. Damp dish edges, put pastry on top. Fold in overhanging edge between pastry and rim of dish all round. Press firmly. Cut hole in centre as usual.

Does sauce made with self-raising flour go lumpy more easily than that made with plain flour?

The answer is no; but in experimenting to find out this, some interesting points came to light. Self-raising flour does not give such a thick sauce as plain; so use a *little more self-raising* than you would plain flour. If you have to keep sauce hot, here is how to prevent a skin forming on top. Put a piece of greased paper over the top, pressing it close to the sauce greased side down, completely covering the surface. This prevents a skin forming, and keeps the sauce smooth.

Should pastry be kneaded or not?

Testing pastry made with varying amounts of fat and liquid, it was found that kneaded pastry was not as satisfactory as unkneaded. Kneading the pastry gave it a smoother appearance, but this was spoilt by air bubbles; it did not brown so well or evenly; the consistency was that of a shortbread. Unkneaded pastry was short and *flaky*, and altogether more attractive.

Should I grease hot-plate or pan when making drop-scones?

Experiments made on an electric hot-plate and in a frying pan on a gas-ring showed that greasing was not at all necessary. The scones did not stick, and were quite as easy to turn as if the cooking surface was greased. Get the pan, girdle or hot-plate hot enough to brown both sides of the scones by the time the centres are cooked. Drop the batter from the tip of the spoon, holding it upright over the pan; this gives a nice round scone; dropping from the side makes a badly shaped one. The scone should be turned as soon as the uncooked top is full of bubbles.

If you want a particular recipe, or have a bigger question such as how to cater for growing children, ask about it. Drop into your local Food Advice Centre, or if there's not one near you, then write to the Food Advice Division, Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

? WHAT'S YOUR COOKERY QUESTION ?

MF

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S137)

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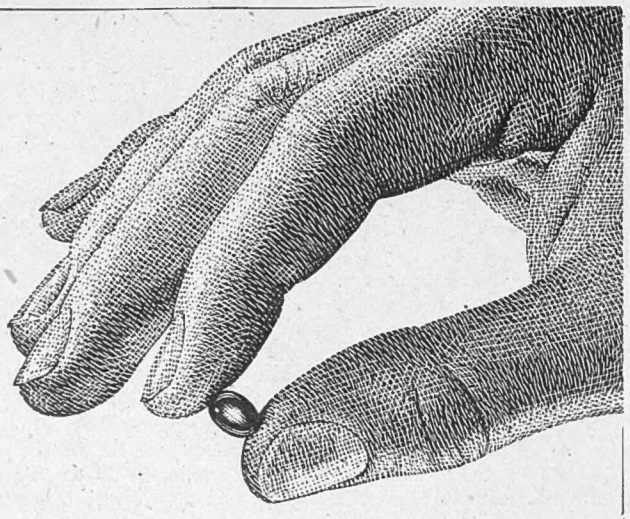

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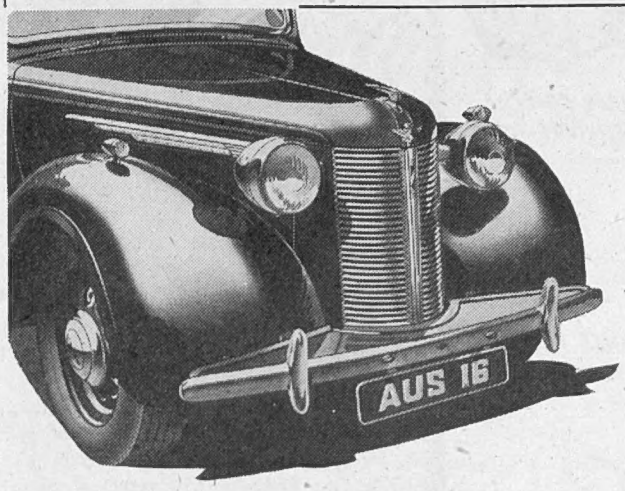

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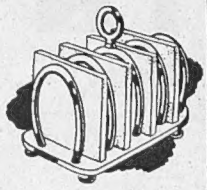
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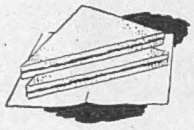
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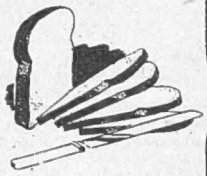
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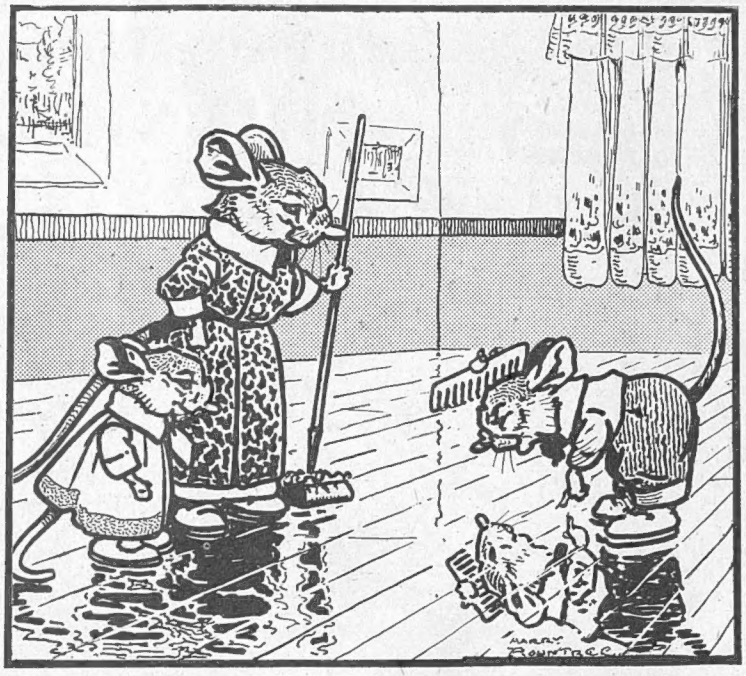

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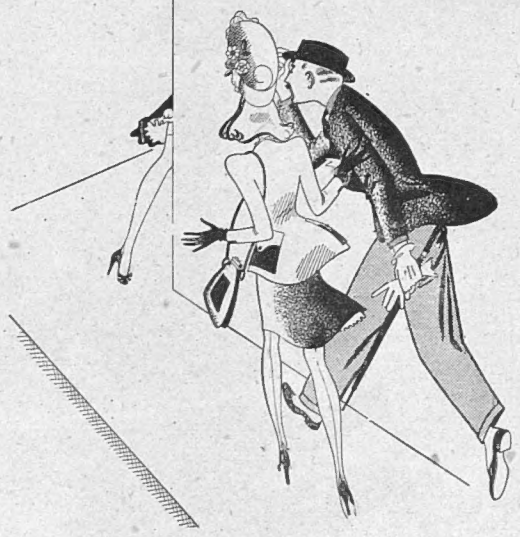

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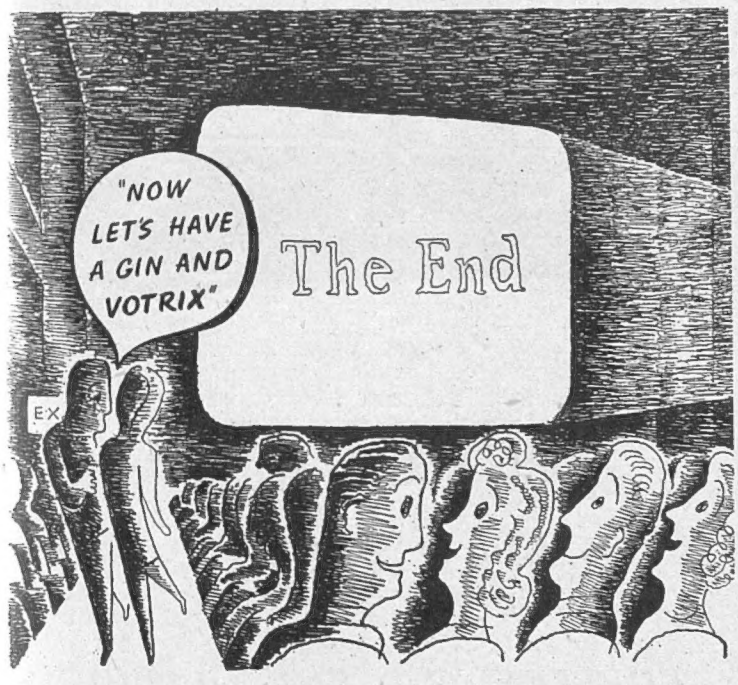

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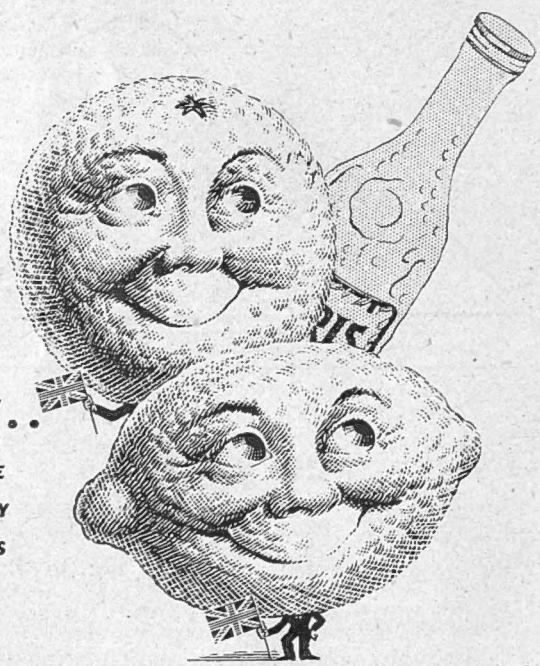

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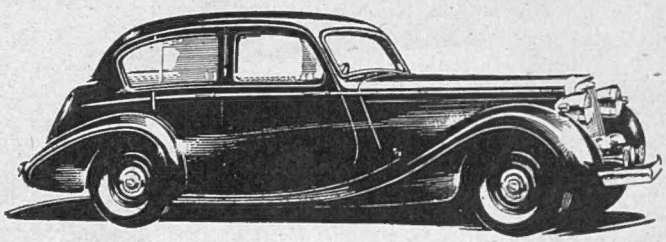

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He had barely time to conceal himself when he heard mother and Mr. Cotter approach within a few yards of his hiding-place.

Grown-Ups Sometimes Cry

A Short Story

By Cecilie Leslie

WALKING stealthily over the wet grass, when he should have been in bed, Sheppard Cheyne heard voices coming from the pergola. The noise was muffled because a thick coat of Virginia creeper hung over the arches, but the voices were loud enough to disturb the owls. Sheppard wished the man would lower his voice; if he wasn't quieter he would alarm the mother owl, who would come flapping back. The boy didn't want his hands pecked as he was lifting out the fledglings, and he wondered for a moment if he should ask the man to be quiet. But it was too much of a risk. The grown-up, whoever he was, would probably scold him and send him back to the house—then there 'd be a frightful row.

There was something about the tone and laugh of the man's voice that arrested the boy. He stopped, listening. Mr. Cotter, that 's who it was. Then the other person would be mother. Sheppard, who was out on the lawn and probably visible to them, ducked for cover. The obvious place was the pergola itself. If he hid behind one of the pillars they would never see him.

He stepped gingerly towards the flagged path, and had barely time to conceal himself when he heard mother and Mr. Cotter approach within a few yards of his hiding-place. Their steps tapped clearly over the paving-stones, breaking twigs and rustling over the fallen leaves. He turned his head slowly and observed mother's white dress glimmering faintly in the evening light and Mr. Cotter's bigger silhouette a little behind her, as if he had his arm round her waist. Sheppard held his breath. If they caught him it would be his third successive failure to capture the baby owls. For three nights he had dodged Lucy, his elder sister, scaled down the drainpipe, reached the elm, only to be caught by Boniface, the gardener, and on the following evening cook had nabbed him. If mother saw him now, it would be the end of the owls: he would never escape Lucy a fourth time.

With a sinking heart and a hysterical desire to sneeze or cough, Sheppard watched the couple move slowly towards him and, with his usual bad luck, stop almost within a yard of him. Mr. Cotter stood staring at mother, putting his two hands on her shoulders and bending his head towards her.

"Look at me, darling," the boy heard him say. "This can't go on, Laura. You 've got to decide. It 's John or me. We can't fool around any more. After all, it 's not as if this were a casual affair. I love you and I want to marry you."

"I know, but . . ." Sheppard heard his mother's voice sound as it did when cook or Lucy reported him for naughtiness.

"He 's bound to be back soon." Mr. Cotter was pulling mother nearer to him. "You know how impossible my position will be. I must have your answer to-night as I 'm off to-morrow, dearest. You do love me, don't you? Say you love me." Mother wouldn't come any nearer and she wouldn't look up at Mr. Cotter. Suddenly she pulled her hands away and started to walk quickly down the pergola. Sheppard felt Mr. Cotter's coat brush the leaves near him as he passed.

After they had gone the small boy stood for some time flattened against the stone and leaves. His mind was a muddle of owls he was now free to catch, of relief in remaining undiscovered, a sense of depression, and a fear of Mr. Cotter which he did not understand.

When the steps no longer echoed on the paving-stones but fell on sward, Sheppard knew he was safe and stepped from his hiding-place. Reluctantly, for his heart was no longer in that evening's adventure, he went towards the elm where the owls lived in a hollow about 15 ft. up the tree-trunk. For a while he sat on the roots of the elm, his mind puzzled and angry, yet he barely grasped the reason why. The only positive and recognisable emotion was a smouldering anger towards Mr. Cotter. To-morrow, the boy told himself, to-morrow he would try to remember exactly what Mr. Cotter had said, and why mother sounded so worried. In the meantime, having escaped from Lucy and cook and everyone else, he might as well capture the owls.

SHEPPARD CHEYNE faced his elder sister stubbornly. Let her rave; he didn't care. The sooner she finished, the sooner he would be left in peace to escape to his Secret Place behind the potting-shed. He wanted to cut up a dead rook he had found, and he wanted quiet in which to puzzle out the conversation between mother and Mr. Cotter.

"You 're the most beastly, horrid little twirp I know," Lucy continued. "How would *you* like to be a baby owl and be kidnapped? You 're jolly well going

to put that poor brown owl back in its nest."

"I won't." He kicked the ground. "And, anyway, it isn't a brown owl, it 's a barn owl, and owls don't build nests."

"Rubbish! All birds build nests."

That annoyed Sheppard, who liked, and gave, precise information. But he was in no mood to argue with his hefty, domineering sister.

"Well, if you won't put it back, I will," Lucy stated. She had already confiscated the fledgling from a shoe-box under her brother's bed. "I only hope its mother will take it back." Lucy turned on her heel with a superior flourish, but after a few steps seemed to hesitate, returning to her brother to ask with self-conscious solicitude: "Feeling okay, Shep? You 're looking green."

"Quite well, thanks," was the surly reply. He ran off quickly lest Lucy would grab him and parade him before mother for a dose.

With the water-butt supporting his back and the sunshine seeping through his clothes, Sheppard stretched out his legs and at last found quiet restored to his agitated world. As he dissected the dead bird his mind worked anxiously along other lines, demanding questions he found himself unable to answer.

"I love you, and I want to marry you . . ." those were the only words which remained clearly in the boy's memory. When a grown man, and a big one like Mr. Cotter, made firm, don't-argue-with-me remarks like that, you could be sure he meant it.

But how could mother marry someone else if she were already Mrs. Cheyne and daddy's wife? Of course, daddy was a prisoner of war and that must alter matters. Still, mother had been saying that they would soon have news of daddy, and that he would come home. If daddy came back wouldn't he be very cross to find Mr. Cotter married to mother?

Sheppard tried to recall his father's face, but his thoughts strayed. This concentration of affairs beyond his comprehension made him feel tired, so he folded his knife, threw the remains of the rook on the compost pit, and returned to stretch himself out in the sun.

In this disenchanted mood it seemed but another misfortune to hear his mother calling him, disturbing his longed-for solitude.

Laura Cheyne was arranging a bowl of larkspur in a white bowl, but her son did not notice the pleasing contrast of flowers and china nor meet his mother's eyes, as blue as the petals. He lowered his head and showed the worry of his recent thoughts clearly in his expression.

"Billy Andrews wants you to go to tea there this afternoon," she said gently, and, without waiting for her son to make his usual comment on Billy (snivelling little beast), and the Vicarage tea (never *any* cake), she continued quickly: "What 's the matter, darling? Are you upset about the owl?"

At first Sheppard said nothing, standing on one leg, the other held with one hand behind his back, his eyes on the carpet.

Then, bitterly, "So Lucy split on me—just like a girl. . . ."

"I 'm not cross about the owl—now. Lucy has returned it to the hollow, but you must leave them alone, darling. They eat the mice and we don't want them to desert the garden." As if he didn't know what owls ate! But he kept silent.

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

Nothing would drag from him the real cause of the sick feeling in his tummy, nothing. Mummy could third-degree him till tea-time, and he wouldn't tell a thing.

"Are you feeling quite well, dear?"

Sheppard nodded.

"Then don't look so glum. Lucy will take you to the Vicarage at three-thirty. Run off, now, and be a good boy and post this letter for me."

The boy took the envelope without a word and, drilled to the unbreakable routine of letter-posting for mother, trotted off at once to the pillar-box by the railway station.

Camley Halt was down the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the Cheynes' house. Letter-posting could be an adventurous job, as there were many ports of call on the way. It was the family's unwritten law that, provided you didn't take more than an hour over the job, no questions were asked about your activities to and from the letter-box.

Half-way down the hill from the house you passed Bubb and Sons, where the smells of newly-baked bread hung over the road and forced you to linger in the hope that Mr. Bubb would see you and offer one of those big currant buns with a glossy brown crust. Such luck wasn't frequent, but it *had* happened, and to that little squirt Basil, too. Beyond Bubb's stood Mrs. Bowen's General Store, where all sorts of useful things hung from nails along the lintel and lay in untidy piles in the window. Such merchandise was a fascinating sight not only to Sheppard, but to most people in Camley. A rutted lane turned sharply up past Mrs. Bowen's, leading to open countryside of fields and hedgerows. The boy seldom resisted a quick inspection under a certain gorse-bush a few hundred yards up the path: here he had once discovered the mossy nest of a Cirl Bunting and hoped ever after to find another. Once he had walked so far from the road there was no point in missing Will Johnson's forge, near Bowen the wheelwright (Mr. Bowen was Mrs. Bowen's husband). It was therefore Sheppard's custom on a letter-posting job to end the pleasant detours with an inspection of the smithy and a chat with Mr. Johnson, who often invited him to work his bellows.

On this particular morning the boy's thoughts were so overshadowed by suspicions as yet not fully comprehended, he was too miserable to take an interest in anything but his own unhappy meditations. He turned up the lane, more from habit than inclination, scaled the gate into the gorse-bush field, and slumped down on the ground. He pulled up a blade of grass, wound it round his finger, unwound it, pulled it through a gap in his teeth, while his mind was absorbed in piecing together the puzzle.

There had been jokes in the kitchen which had hitherto passed unnoticed over the child's head, but now they returned to besiege his imagination and to throw a murky light on his curiosity. Mother and Mr. Cotter. "The Boy Friend," said Flora, giggling. "The Mistress is that busy she 's no time to give me orders," grumbled cook, adding, "Time only for a Certain Party, and I 'm naming no names."

A sharp disquiet took possession of the boy. He would have recognised this fierce despair for jealousy had he been older. Jealousy that his beloved mother could give her love to anyone but to him, Sheppard Cheyne, with a little over for Basil and Lucy. Mixed with this new sensation was one of fear and uncertainty, because all that was stable in his world revolved round his mother. Without warning, there was now a possibility that she would leave him.

How could he live without mother? If she married Mr. Cotter who would look after them? Who would remind cook that they had cake on Sundays, and who would tell Boniface, the gardener, that they could each pick an apple off the tree for lunch? Who would buy birthday presents and decorate the tree at Christmas? Or sew on name tapes, arrange picnics, and tuck them up at night?

Of course, cook might manage some of these things, but she was so fussy and she smelt a bit. As for Mrs. Boniface, she was too old and couldn't walk much because of her bad knee. There was no one else. Mother simply couldn't leave them.

All that was steady, familiar and secure revolved round mother and was threatened by her association with

He was too self-conscious before the audience on the front steps, the driver and the children watching him, to give Laura more than a brief embrace.

Mr. Cotter. Somehow, small though he was, he, Sheppard Cheyne, must devise a way to hold his world together. It was a gigantic task, and the eight-year-old boy was overcome by the sense of his own incompetence. As he brooded, damp blobs appeared on the envelope in his hand. Guiltily he wiped his eyes. Boys, like grown-ups, did not cry; only babies and girls blubbed. He shook the paper, but the smudges remained. He glanced worriedly at them, wondering if the ink would run, and through his misty eyes the handwriting came into focus. He read the name J. R. G. Cotter, Esq., and as its significance dawned on him he held the envelope as if it were knife-edged. The shock of seeing the nightmare name lying in his hand frightened him, almost as if Mr. Cotter were himself present, listening in to his thoughts.

After a moment his feeling of terror vanished and another, a fiercer, emotion took possession of the boy. "He shan't have her," he sobbed. "Mother 's mine, and Lucy's and Basil's and "—he added, but this was a memory only, an echo of something that had existed long ago—"and father's."

Sheppard opened the envelope, leaving a muddy smudge under the flap where his dusty fingers tore the paper.

With a thumping heart, dry mouth, and the feeling of nausea mounting in his middle, he read the letter. The words transcribed themselves upon his brain and became a memory he was to carry with him into manhood.

DARLING,

I could not tell you what was in my mind last night, because I was so distressed by our parting. We have been so close I don't know how I shall live without you. You asked me in the garden if I loved you—you know I do. But you also asked me to give up my home, my children and John, to marry you. I can't make this enormous decision quickly. Give me time, sweetheart. So much is involved, and I know you would rather have me heart-whole, knowing what I was doing, than let me come to you with my thoughts and my loyalties here with my children and with John.

It is only fair—and you agreed—that I should wait till John is released. It 's no fun being a P.O.W., and it 's the least I owe him. Only after I have seen him can I make a decision. Knowing how I feel about you, there 's little doubt what that will be. Take care of yourself, darling, and believe in me and give me time.

Your

LAURA.

Sheppard stuffed the letter into its envelope, his mind whirling with half-digested implications of what all this meant. But if he did not clearly understand the letter line by line, the message was clear.

At that moment he desperately needed someone to whom he could turn for help, someone adult, as strong and as tall as Mr. Cotter, who would stop him taking mother away from Camley, away from Sheppard, Lucy and Basil. One by one Sheppard conjured before him the men he knew, and discarded each in turn. Mr. Andrews, the Vicar, with projecting teeth and a high-pitched voice, appeared an ineffective champion even to an eight-year-old boy: then there was Boniface, but all the old gardener talked about was grubs and his exploits in the Home Guard. Mr. Higgins, the station-master, Doctor Ballard, Sir Brian Hope, the Squire, Mr. Sylett, the bus conductor—Sheppard considered each friend in turn, but for one reason or another rejected them all as unsuitable.

It was when he could think of no one else that the ringing blows from the anvil and the muffled puffing from the blacksmith's bellows gave him the clue for which he searched. Will Johnson! Will had known Sheppard all his life, and, the father of five grown sons himself, understood small boys, listened to them without condescension, and gave them the sort of downright advice that boys recognised as sincere and masculine. Will spoke to you as man to man, and he made you feel his power, your power, the power of the male who could do anything in the world, even smash a horse-shoe as flat as a pancake.

He walked over to the smithy, and after a decent interval asked:

"Please, Mr. Johnson, could another man marry Mrs. Johnson, and if he did, what would you do?"

"Eh—?" The blacksmith jerked his head round towards the child with an astonished look, but did not stop his hammering. "Eh? What 's that, lad?"

"I mean——" Sheppard drew himself up and started again. This was going to be difficult; better take it slowly, step by step.

"What would you do, please, if Mrs. Johnson wanted to marry someone else, and "—he added, making his position clear—"left Harry and Jim and Alf and Eddie and Robert—and you—all alone? What would you do to that man Mrs. Johnson went away with?"

"I 'd bust the blighter's face in," said the smith wrathfully, then, correcting himself, grinned, "But that wouldn't ever happen to my old woman."

So—Will would bust the blighter's face in. Sheppard considered this, and after a while decided that he might as well tell this stalwart friend about his trouble. While the blacksmith swung his hammer Sheppard unburdened his spirit.

When the boy had finished his story he gazed expectantly at the muscular, blackened, sweating (*Continued on page 51*)

His mother withdrew her arm, but still stood beside him as if she could not pull herself away, as if she wanted to hear more.

Two views of pre-war Hamburg. (On left) Warehouses built when Hamburg was a member of the Hanseatic League and (below) a typical example of a modern building which existed in Hamburg prior to the R.A.F. saturation eight-day raids

Hamburg—

British Testing Ground In Germany

By Ferdinand Tuohy

TO smite a foreign city with the force of an earthquake and then to go there and make it not only the centre of gravity of conqueror's rule but the testing ground and criterion of the defeated people's will and capacity to redeem, regenerate and restore themselves along lines laid down —that is a rich experiment well suited to a nation of sporting instincts, as it is Hamburg under the British from now on.

"If we can't get results from Hamburg's Germans, we can't get them anywhere." Put it like that and you won't be far out as regards the attitude of mind, plans and hopes of those who rule the twenty million Germans in the British zone.

Some had thought Hanover a more likely place for putting matters to the proof—as capital of a Protestant land where a king of England was introducing the English Constitution not much more than a century ago. During the war I received a memorandum showing how a replica of English life, social, spiritual, political, military, sporting, intellectual, should be set down in the former realm of the Georges, as the most practical method of re-educating the Germans by giving them something clear, solid and ready upon which to remodel themselves. Hanoverians would find the process less oppressive for having held themselves somewhat aloof from the rest of Germany into which they had been hauled barely three generations back.

My memorandist, I fear, retained in mind the second residential city of Germany, delectable "Town in Green" of architectural renown and home of culture and the arts. He failed to reckon that Hanover was forged into one of the very biggest war-producing centres. To-day Hanover is officially four-fifths destroyed and Hanoverians are in no mood for English moulding. They tell you as much. They repeat: "We never thought you would bomb Hanover, because of the strong link that has always existed between our city and the British Crown. That was the most terrible thing you could have done to us and we can never forget."

"But what," you may well exclaim, "has Hanover got that Hamburg didn't get?"

The answer to that one is that Hanover got 130 heavy or heavyish raids spread over two years, whereas Hamburg was "Saturation-bombed" for eight days (the "*Katastrophentagen*") during which 51 per cent of the town went west, but overwhelmingly the dock and working-class areas; and not the centre nor yet more than one residential district—I was amazed to motor through a sort of Kensington not much more damaged, visibly anyhow, than Kensington. We were misled over the "flattening" of Hamburg, terrible as was the overall ordeal by any other standard than other German cities.

For miles all round the Outer Alster, the lake in the heart of the city, the R.A.F. left, or didn't hit, endless mansions, houses, buildings and premises of all sorts, and it is here, mainly, that you will find installed henceforward "Britain in Germany"—our entire Control should have shifted thither by April. As proof of Alster and neighbouring survival, over 20,000 Germans will by then have made room for us.

I PAINT no rosy picture to force an argument, merely keeping before me a comparison with the rest of urban Germany. Here are facts which combine to make Hamburg the test city it has become :—

The population is down by half a million to 1,300,000. No one need be without a watertight roof, and already a 2,000,000 housing programme has got under way with the running up of whole settlements of small concrete bungalows.

Hamburg is far and away the most "reconstruction-conscious" of all German centres. It has cleaned up and tidied in anticipation of the great rebuilding to come.

One anti-Nazi saved the city's huge power system by leading a Welch spearhead to it, with the result that from the very first Hamburgers were spared the morale-eating, endless trailing round on foot, weighed down by bundles and suit-cases, which is the picture that will probably last longest with those who've seen Germans in the depths. Hamburg has all along had trains, trams and buses, not to mention water transport. It has had light and electricity and gas—rationed but never out. The full significance of this strikes one in the Goose Market, local Piccadilly, aglow with cafés, cinemas, theatres, "Woolworths," hotels and restaurants. The (*Continued on page* 68)

Men Into

SOME have gone into the night—Roosevelt and Hitler, Mussolini and Chamberlain, world figures when Second World War began, front page names, personalities who impressed themselves on the minds of millions. More have passed, or are passing, into the twilight. It always happens after a great war, a great revolution, a big boom, a world slump, a crime wave, or any other epochal event, which, for a spell, quickens the broad flow of human life, or breaks over it a cataclysmic storm.

Last December a visiting foreign correspondent asked me if Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris was in South Africa or California: he had seen a news item that the Bomber Chief, retired, was headed to one place or the other. I rang the Air Ministry, the last they had heard, he was in the R.A.F. hospital at Halton. They didn't know if he was still there, but could find out (so could I). Momentarily, we had all lost track of one of the war's great figures, the one who had impressed himself most powerfully on the minds and memories of the Germanic tribe.

You can play an intriguing game with yourself, checking on the big names of yesterday, and the day before yesterday. "Is he alive? Dead? Where is he? What's he doing with himself?"

The late Earl Lloyd George. The great man of World War One. Retired to his Churt farm and spent his combative energies in making its sandy soil fertile

Dr. Heinrich Bruening. Virtual dictator of the pre-Nazi Reich, vanished after the Hitlerite avalanche swept him from power. A friendly American university has given him sanctuary and a salary as a professor of history

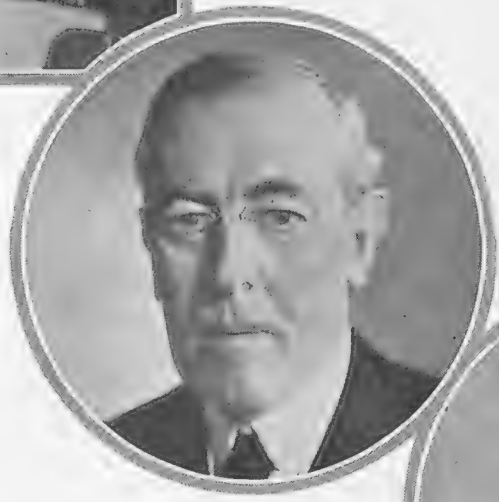
Curious things sometimes happen to these people. As First World War ended, Admiral Sir Reginald Hall was readying himself for retirement from the post of chief of Britain's most alert and far-ranging Intelligence Service, when he got an offer which projected him into an active new career, at a salary beyond the dreams of admirals.

He became a Brewers' man. Instead of hunting spies, he fought, with both surface and subterranean weapons, those prohibition enemies who, encouraged by a dry America, sought to sink the British liquor interests without any trace.

LIEUT.-COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE, C.B., D.S.O., etc. appeared destined for a brilliant official career. Head of the Middle-East department of the F.O. A ministerial appointment in one of the new Arab States. Sirdar of Egypt, perhaps. A junior officer in the Intelligence Service in Cairo when war began—he made maps, kept track of the changing dispositions of the Turkish army, ran the weekly Arab Bulletin—he had been sent, protesting, by his Chief, to advise Feisal.

From that point began the desert saga which he lived for the next four years, and wrote and re-wrote for the next seven, until he had it immortalized in his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

But he was lost in a void between East and West. He loved no one. He found he wasn't a creative artist—he could only write personal records. For these



The late Woodrow Wilson. He bestrode the world at the end of World War One. His rejection by his countrymen in favour of President Harding in 1921 astounded everyone. He took the decision badly, as he felt himself and his ideas to be indispensable

(On right) The late King Alfonso of Spain. A playboy when king, but became more royal in exile than when he wore a crown

Twilight

It's not always a case of old replacing new, or matchless talent irresistibly surging to the front. The great tides of events wash men from obscurity just as often as they suck them again from our sight

By C. Patrick Thompson

Marshal of the R.A.F., Sir Arthur Harris. One of the war's great figures, the one who had impressed himself most powerfully on the minds and memories of the Germanic tribe

and allied reasons he chose to bury himself, first as a private in the Tanks (his friend Churchill fixed it for him) and subsequently as an Aircraftman in the R.A.F. Tanks and tank tactics were obsolete in his time, but in the R.A.F. he had a chance to get mental and spiritual teeth into work on something new and promising, in the shape of power boats.

Nearing fifty, he was preparing to retire to a sort of monastic cell in the woodlands near his old Bovington tank camp, when his motor cycle threw him; and Lawrence of Arabia, victim of one of the commonest of peacetime road accidents, once again momentarily came back from twilight into the news limelight.

Only exceptional men, who play great roles in great times reluctantly, out of a sense of duty, retire gracefully; and they always have other and absorbing interests. Old Cincinnatus was "busy about some rustical work," as Livius puts it, when the Senatorial delegation arrived on his Tiber-side farm with news of Rome's peril, and a request that he accept the Dictatorship for six months. Finishing his job in sixteen days, the Roman returned to his ditch-digging, spading and ploughing. Why not? He loved his farming and was at most times a reluctant and disinterested politician.

The late Earl Grey. A great figure in his time, felt no void when he lost office—was Mr. Asquith's Foreign Secretary. He was a scholar and nature lover

Earl Grey, Asquith's Foreign Secretary, a great figure in his time, felt no void when he lost office. He was a scholar and nature lover. In London, walking to the Foreign Office, he would step in at the National Gallery; and for the next half-hour you would find him sitting motionless before a picture, absorbing it as a thirsty man might drink a cup of water by sips. Then he would go on to his work. At his country home he had a pond to which he had enticed wild ducks. Every year, as the time neared, he would haunt the spot, waiting. They grew used to the quiet, friendly presence. When the arm moved they did not fly off in alarm. They paddled nearer, knowing the movement meant food.

After the collapse of Nazi Germany some people expected Bruening, virtual dictator of the pre-Nazi Reich, to reappear on the stage from which the Hitlerite avalanche swept him. But Bruening was a scholarly recluse even in the years of his power. A bachelor, averse to fame, money, love, he vanished after the arrival of Nazism almost as resolutely as did an ennobled Baldwin after the Abdication. A friendly American university gave him sanctuary and a salary as a professor of history. He still shields himself under that screen from the world's curiosity.

Kings notoriously take less philosophically to enforced retirement. Among the several monarchs, heirs, or claimants who angrily and insistently seek to gain or regain risky thrones, one would have thought that Carol, at least, would have had a bellyful by now. Twice he has had to run for it. The last time, he got away

The late Sir James Barrie, O.M. He retired and let his books and plays sell on

Michael Arlen. When did he last publish a book? Has invested his winnings from writing

with his life, a large fortune, his red-haired mistress, a sackful of jewels, and the pet Pekes. One would expect him to be resigned to leading a life of upholstered leisure around the playgrounds of South America. However, he has been, and still is, intriguing to get back into the "fierce light."

Of course, Lupescu, who has a conspicuously solid jaw, may be an influence putting whalebone up the Carol spine. But the fact remains; and has a parallel in the case of the late Don Alfonso, who, a playboy while King of Spain, became more royal in exile than when he wore a crown, and died while actively trying to enlist Papal aid in his efforts to burrow his way back to the palace in Madrid, where he kept souvenirs of the half-dozen attempts on his life while in residence there.

THE great politicians retire even more unwillingly and usually fade into twilight more abruptly and surprisingly. Wilson bestrode the world at the end of First World War. His rejection by his countrymen in favour of Harding in 1921 astounded everyone, even more than the British people's voting down of war-leader Churchill. He did not take his fate smilingly. He was bitter and broken. He felt himself and his ideas to be indispensable. Three years after, he died. The gods loved Roosevelt better. If they did not take him young, at least they took him quickly, and in time.

Clemençeau badly wanted to be elected President of France. This, they refused him, sending him, bereft of power, to finish his life in a little Biscay coast cottage, (*Continued on page* 68)

Peace Has Its Flying Thrills, Too . . .

By Trevor Allen

FOR years we have thought of that great profession, flying, in terms of sorties, dog-fights, and bombing raids. But has not peace its flying thrills, too? Need the peace-time airman feel so browned off?

Technical progress cannot wholly eliminate accident—as we have found recently to our cost. Pilots over oceans and waste places will still run risks and find in the years ahead, in all quarters of the globe, adventures as exciting in their way as those that have made pioneering history.

Think of Kingsford-Smith's night ordeal over the Tasman Sea. It was pitch black. He could see nothing, hear nothing, did not know where he was. "I think that night," he wrote, "I touched the extreme of human fear. Panic was very near, and I almost lost my head. I felt a desire to pull her round, dive—climb—do anything, to escape. We were like rats in a trap—terrified, dazed with fear. . . ."

Halfway on a flight between Australia and New Zealand an engine gave out, 650 miles from land. Monkeying in mid-air, his friend Taylor transferred oil from one engine to another. "Bill Taylor," Smithy logged, "is the world's greatest hero." Another entry read: "Afraid we're for the sea, old man. Centre motor going now." By a miracle they were able to touch down four hours later.

Another time he and his companions were lost for days in the wilds of N.W. Australia after making a forced landing in a swamp. A tin of baby's gruel was all they had to exist on. In the end they could only stagger short distances, then sit listlessly with ear glued to the radio. Three aircraft passed near without sighting them before help at last came.

Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith smiles from the cockpit of his Percival Gull aeroplane, "Miss Southern Cross," when he arrived at Mascot Aerodrome, Sydney, after establishing a record flight from London to Wyndham, Western Australia, in eighty-eight hours. He had to cope with many ordeals in the air including a night flight across the Tasman Sea

Jim Mollison receives an ovation on his arrival at Croydon after breaking C. W. A. Scott's record flight from Australia to England. Had many adventures on his record-challenging flights, and once, over the Mergui Archipelago, a monsoon beat him down to within a few feet of the water

Hans Bertram, who with a colleague in a flight to Australia, landed on the uninhabited coast south of Port Darwin. For forty days they wandered about, suffering every kind of hardship and privation before they were found by aborigines

HANS BERTRAM and a colleague, crossing the Timor Sea by night, drifted south from the Port Darwin route and landed on this uninhabited coast. For forty days they wandered about, suffering every kind of hardship and privation, before they were found by aborigines. Fifty-three days passed in a nightmare before they again reached civilization. Mosquitoes and flies so tormented them that they lay down at night buried in sand. For a week they were without water. Finally, one heaven-sent dawn Bertram stared into the sun rising over the cliffs of Cape Bernier, and on those cliffs stood a man! He thought he must be crazed; he was just seeing things. But the silhouette moved. It brought deliverance.

Picture Norman Macmillan and Malins adrift for six days in the Bay of Bengal on the wreck of their overturned seaplane. The terror of the moment when, as she turned over, they clung on, scrambling over the side of the float, balancing until she was upside down and they lay across the bottom. Half an hour later, a lashing, crackling monsoon. Wet through, shivering; then burning in the tropic sun. Sharks, sea-snakes. Delirium. . . .

"Malins," Macmillan said, "could hear beautiful (*Continued on page* 67)

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce being welcomed back home at Croydon, when she flew from Lympne to Croydon escorted by eight Bluebird planes of which three were piloted by Miss Amy Johnson, Miss Winifred Spooner, and Miss Delphine Reynolds, the last stage of her flight round the world. She is holding little Miss Ridley who presented her with a bouquet

Below. Mermoz, the famous French pilot. While surveying a new route between Buenos Aires and Santiago, had to fly over the fanged Andes Peaks rising to more than 20,000 feet, in a machine with a 16,000 feet ceiling

Hostile Witness

The Mystery Of A Double Murder

By Frank King

IN the cold grey light of dawn, Peter Trevor stood looking down at the body huddled in the shrubbery of the big overgrown garden. Samuel Bartlett's thin foxy face was blue and contorted, his glassy eyes staring. The thin line of bruising round his neck showed that he had been strangled; and the trampled earth about suggested that he had put up a good fight for his life.

Inspector Jamieson, dour and grim as usual, cleared his throat.

"I sent for you, Mr. Trevor," he explained, "because I never did like coincidences."

"Don't know that I care much for them myself, Jimmy. What's the particular trouble in this case?"

"It may not be a coincidence that Bartlett was strangled on the night following his receipt of a threatening letter. But when his cousin, Harold Greenwood, dies in his bath at approximately the same time—well, it's a bit too much for me."

"Me, too," agreed Peter. "How was Greenwood murdered?"

"He wasn't. There's no sign of any violence. And the bathroom door was bolted. He's just lying there, drowned. Probably a heart attack or something of the kind, according to Doctor Grant."

"Or suicide?"

"Possible, I suppose. But Mrs. Hird, the housekeeper, says——"

"We're getting on too fast. Let's start at the beginning, shall we? You tell me about it while I see if Bartlett can give us any additional information."

"Very good, Mr. Trevor."

As Peter began his examination of the dead man, Jamieson pulled a note-book from his pocket.

"I've learned a good bit about Samuel Bartlett," he went on. "And nothing to his credit. Papers in his desk show that he's been doing quite a thriving business as a moneylender and receiver of stolen property. He's lived in this ramshackle old place for years, looked after by a housekeeper, Mrs. Hird, who denies any knowledge of his affairs, though I think she must have had a pretty good notion what he was.

"About six months ago his cousin, Harold Greenwood, came to live here. Mrs. Hird knew nothing about him, except that he was Bartlett's only relative, and that they seemed to get on very well together. According to her, Greenwood had no occupation. I've not been able to pick up much about him. He'd an income of about two hundred a year from investments; and I should imagine, though I've no proof of it, that the two cousins were both as thick as thieves."

Peter looked up from his work.

"Charming household," he commented. "Bartlett died between ten and eleven last night."

Jamieson nodded. "That's Doctor Grant's estimate. And it fits in. Mrs. Hird has made a long statement about what happened. Here's the gist of it:—

"The evening passed like any other. She served a meal at half-past seven, after which Bartlett and Greenwood went into the little room usually called the study where they passed most of their time. Bartlett had a roll-top desk in there; and there's quite a library of books and a wireless.

"At ten o'clock, on her way to bed, Mrs. Hird called in to see if either of them wanted anything more. They didn't. Greenwood put away his book and said he'd have a bath and turn in early. Bartlett, busy at his desk, said he'd be up for a while yet as he wanted to finish some accounts. So Mrs. Hird went to bed, followed immediately by Greenwood. She heard him go into the bathroom, bolt the door, and set the taps running.

"Her bedroom is immediately over the study. Soon after she got settled with a book someone knocked on the french window below. This was immediately opened by Bartlett, who went out, and she heard a low murmur of conversation which gradually retreated. She says she thought nothing about this at the time because Bartlett frequently had visitors who came to this french window late at night. That's why I feel she knows more about his affairs than she pretends."

Peter was closely scrutinizing the bruise round the dead man's neck with the aid of a torch.

"Women sometimes deliberately shut their eyes to unpleasant things," he said dryly. "Go on."

"Well, she evidently wasn't at all worried last night because

I SAW a figure climb out of the window on to the roof of the garage

she concentrated on her book. After about an hour, as she was growing drowsy, it suddenly occurred to her that the house was very quiet. There was no sound from the bathroom, and she felt sure that Greenwood hadn't come to his bedroom, which was next to hers. She doesn't quite know why she grew uneasy; but soon she realized that she'd never be able to get off to sleep until she'd made sure everything was all right.

"She got up and knocked on Greenwood's door. Nothing doing. She opened it and switched on the light. No sign of him. She went along to the bathroom. Light streamed through the ground-glass fanlight, and the door was bolted. But no sound came from beyond it. Although she knocked several times, she got no reply.

"Definitely alarmed now—she says she thought Greenwood must have fainted in the bath—she went downstairs to look for Bartlett. No sign of him, either. The french window in the study was open. She stepped out on the terrace and called his name. No reply. Coming back into the room, she saw something that she'd missed before. The safe door was open, with Bartlett's keys dangling from the lock. She didn't believe that he'd go out leaving it that way, and grew more alarmed than ever. After hesitating only a moment, she phoned the nearest police station."

Peter was still interested in the bruise. "What time would this be?"

"Eleven-thirty. The station sent up a couple of men. They burst open the bathroom door. There was Greenwood all right, completely submerged in the bath which was full to overflowing. They lifted him out and tried artificial respiration. Nothing doing. Bartlett had now been absent well over an hour. He'd gone out without either hat or coat; and in view of the open safe, it seemed clear that something was amiss in that direction, too. The facts were phoned through to the Yard.

"I got here just after midnight, and concentrated on the study. Nothing in any way helpful. We'd no way of checking whether anything was missing from the safe, of course, and there was no definite indication of foul play. Until I found this in the top drawer of the desk. As you can see, it's short and sweet. Calls Bartlett a dirty double-crosser, and threatens to strangle the life out of him if he mentions the money again. It's signed with the initials W.S."

Jamieson produced an envelope from his pocket. It was addressed to Samuel Bartlett, postmarked with the previous day's date. Across it was written in pencil: *Police—Writer of enclosed note is Walter Southley, 34 Cambrian Avenue, North Finchley.*

Peter studied the envelope with the single sheet of notepaper it contained.

"Very convenient," he commented. "A tip straight from the horse's mouth. Rather too convenient for my liking. Think it's genuine?"

"There's nothing to suggest otherwise, Mr. Trevor. You'll note the colour of the envelope, a rather unusual blue. Mrs. Hird recognizes it. Says it came by the afternoon delivery yesterday. And the pencilled scrawl on it is unquestionably Bartlett's handwriting. Seems to me he took it seriously. Marked it like this and left it in his desk so that it was sure to be found if anything happened to him."

"Locking the stable door after—if he thought anything might happen, why not drop a hint to the police straight away?"

"Forgetting his occupation, aren't you?"

"Perhaps so. Yes, he wouldn't be too keen on answering a lot of questions. Go on."

"There's not much more to tell. This letter put a rather different complexion on the case, and we started to search round for clues outside. As soon as we found Bartlett here, I sent a couple of men to Cambrian Avenue to bring in Walter Southley. They should be back any time now."

"And you'll have your hands on the murderer, eh?"

"I wouldn't say that. But if we're to believe Mrs. Hird, some client of Bartlett's tapped on the french window, enticed him out into the garden and strangled him, then got his keys, sneaked back and took whatever he wanted from the safe before clearing out. Southley fills the bill—unless he's got a perfect alibi. Even if he's not guilty, there's a good chance that he might be able to put us on to the track of the murderer."

"Sure. He should know a good deal about Bartlett. Very straightforward

THE station sent up a couple of men. They burst open the bathroom door

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

case, Jimmy—except for the coincidence of Greenwood's death."

"That's why I sent for you."

"Implicit faith." Peter grinned. "Or is it passing the buck?" He straightened, extinguishing his torch. "I'm afraid Bartlett doesn't give us much information. There's just one thing. Whatever was used to strangle him has left a definite pattern on his neck. This is best marked at the front, showing that the murderer stood behind him. The light here's not good enough to make out the details. Any reason why we shouldn't have him inside?"

"None at all. We've taken our photographs and so on."

When the body had been carried into the study and laid on the old-fashioned sofa, Peter continued his inspection with the aid of a powerful reading lamp.

"As I thought," he said. "You can see quite clearly now. Electric flex. An old length, too. It's got various kinks and knots in it, all faithfully reproduced on the neck. If we find that bit of flex, we can identify it with certainty. Suggests a planned murder, doesn't it? I mean, the flex wasn't snatched up and used in a moment of rage. The murderer brought it with him."

"And took it away, Mr. Trevor. May turn out to be a darned useful pointer."

A CAR came up the drive, and a few moments later a plain-clothes man entered the study to announce that he had brought Walter Southley. Peter and Jamieson accompanied him back to the hall, and conducted Southley into the lounge.

He was a middle-aged man, with ugly, rather unpleasant, features, and shrewd grey eyes. After protesting vigorously at being dragged from his bed, he announced his determination to say nothing more.

"That's rather a strange attitude to adopt," said Jamieson. "It's the duty of every citizen to help the police."

"I'm not a fool, Inspector. Your presence here at this time shows that something has happened to Samuel Bartlett. And the very fact that you've brought me here shows you believe I'm somehow mixed up in the business. I'm saying nothing at all until I've consulted a solicitor."

"You're quite within your rights there, of course, Mr. Southley. Perhaps you wouldn't mind waiting here a while? Just possible that you may change your mind."

Jamieson turned abruptly and led the way back to the study.

"I've seen 'em like that before," he said grimly. "He's got something to hide."

"If he did write that threatening note, he'll have guessed that it's been found. Might be enough to scare him, especially if he can't prove an alibi."

"I think there's more than that, Mr. Trevor. Anyhow, it'll do him no harm to stew a bit."

Peter nodded and resumed his examination of the dead man. After a while he noticed something about the fingernails of the right hand. With a penknife he carefully scraped some greyish material from beneath the nails, collecting it on a glass slide which he studied under a low power of his microscope. "Blotting-paper," he murmured under his breath. "Now I wonder . . ." He strode across to the roll-top desk to scrutinize the leather-bound blotter which lay on it. "Look at this, Jimmy!"

Jamieson stared at the four roughly parallel scratches visible on the blotting-paper.

"And what do they mean?" he demanded.

"Obvious, isn't it? Bartlett was sitting here when the loop of flex was drawn tight round his neck. The sudden shock made him claw instinctively at whatever was nearest his hand."

"He was strangled here? In this room?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Then why was his body carried out and dumped in the shrubbery?"

"At a guess, I'd say the idea was to make the murder look like an outside job."

"To frame Walter Southley, you mean?"

"Well, I can't imagine any reason why *he* should want to make it look like an outside job."

Jamieson's dour features contracted into a scowl.

"You've a way with you, Mr. Trevor," he muttered. "A way of finding difficulties in the simplest case. Not that I don't believe you. Oh, dear me, no! If you say Bartlett was strangled at this desk, strangled at this desk he was! But who did it? And who knocked on the window? And why didn't Mrs. Hird, listening just above, hear Bartlett's struggles?"

"Now you're asking me something." Peter turned away from the desk and paced thoughtfully about the room. "The first thing to spring to mind is the fact that we've only Mrs. Hird's word that anyone did knock at the window."

"Gosh, you're right! The whole case against Southley is built up on her evidence. If he didn't do it——"

"She did, eh?"

"She could have done, anyhow. She's a big powerful woman. Heavens, yes! It all fits in. She knew about the threatening letter, and saw an opportunity to frame the writer of it. She slipped downstairs while Greenwood was in the bathroom, strangled Bartlett, carried him out, and laid her false clues to suggest an outside job and to fit in with the story she intended telling about the mysterious visitor. If Greenwood hadn't died in the bath, she'd probably have waited until morning before discovering Bartlett's absence. Unless——"

Jamieson broke off, snapping his fingers in sudden excitement.

"Mr. Trevor," he went on slowly, "if she killed Greenwood as well, there'd be no coincidence at all in the case."

"You've a suspicious mind, Jimmy. You told me the bathroom door was bolted."

"It's only a flimsy bolt."

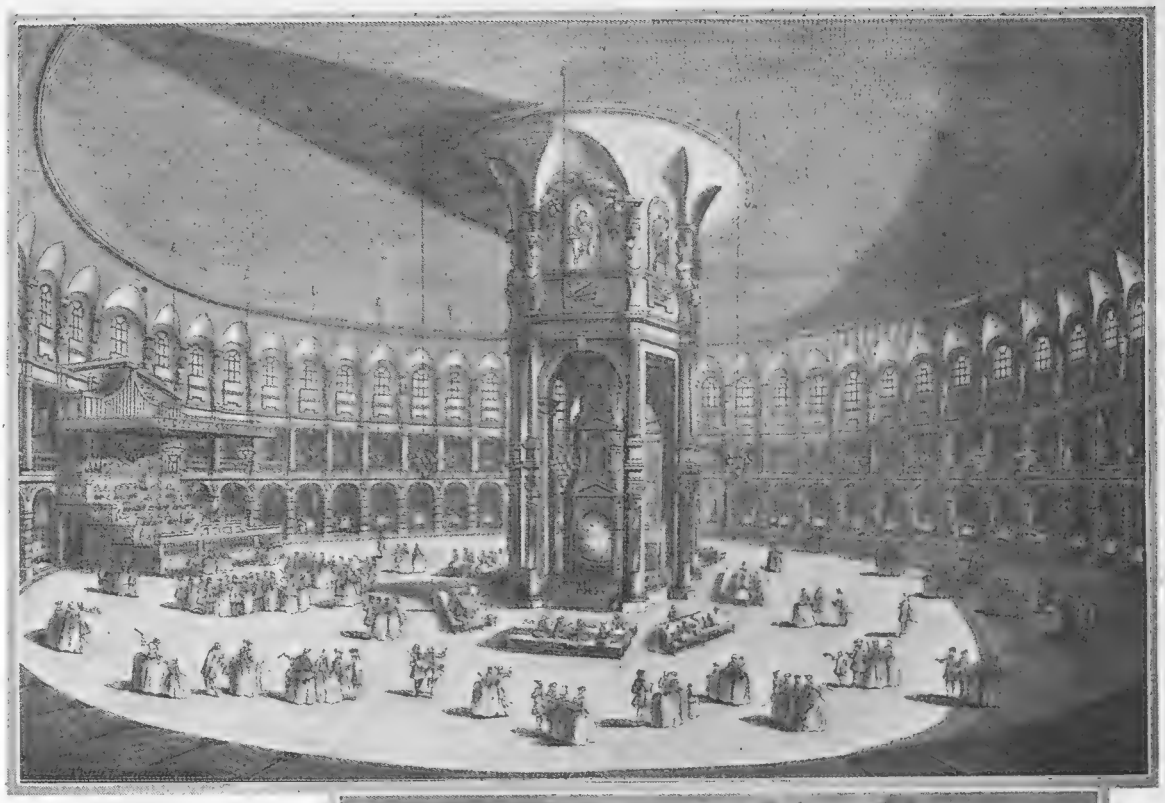
"Even so, could it be shot from the outside?"

"No." Jamieson's scowl grew fiercer. "It couldn't. But listen! She may have given him some drug earlier on."

"The post-mortem will tell us about that. In the meantime, you tell me something else. Did Greenwood undress in the bathroom?"

"Yes. His clothes are hanging up there."

"Unusual, don't (*Continued on page* 54)



One of the features of Ranelagh Gardens was the famous Rotunda; an interior view is shown on right. This building was 555 feet in circumference, 150 feet high, providing two tiers of fifty-two boxes and an enormous fireplace for winter concert comfort. Many famous celebrities gave performances in the Rotunda, including Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart — eight years old — who played his own compositions on the harpsichord and organ

London's Lost Playgrounds

By Wilma Buckley

THOSE uninviting amusement arcades, scattered here and there in the heart of London, are the only and unworthy survivals of all the pleasure grounds that once flourished as an integral part of the city scene. Nowadays, the parks provide a measure of outdoor, night-clubs indoor, recreation; but London's lost playgrounds catered for both at the same time, and in a princely manner. London was gay, once . . . the classes and the masses alike took their pleasure at the day's end in gardens where the setting fulfilled that peculiarly English love of the sylvan and the rustic. Summers must have been as variable in the past as they are to-day (although one inevitably imagines that Junes of yesteryear were unfailingly flaming; that the weather, like so much in the present scene, has grown drearier and greyer); and so amusements, side-shows and refreshments were provided under cover lest rain might fall or cold winds blow.

The best-known of these pleasure gardens, the like of which exists no longer, was Vauxhall. Opened in 1661 under the name of New Spring Gardens, the grounds occupied about twelve acres of land situated between what is now Harleyford Road and Upper Kennington Lane. Mentioned in the writings of Evelyn and Pepys, the Gardens were much in vogue even in their earlier and unsophisticated days; but it was in the eighteenth century that they reached their apotheosis. In 1732, Vauxhall's fashionable début was heralded by a *ridotto-al-fresco*, the first of a series of such fêtes; and silver season-ticket badges, designed by no less a personage than Hogarth, were later issued for two guineas each.

The Jubilee Ball or Masquerade, held at Ranelagh Gardens, April 20, 1749. Frequented by the world of fashion, Ranelagh was a favourite haunt of both rich and poor

The grounds were laid out with some elegance . . . high-hedged gravel walks, tree-shaded bowers, pavilions and grottoes and temples, colonnades and cascades. At night, the gardens were ablaze with lamps and coloured lights, some of them fancifully arranged to imitate the stars and other heavenly bodies, though there remained an abundance of dark walks (to the secret joy of scandalmongers) for those who preferred to seek the shadows. Refreshments obtainable in the famous supper-boxes and at tables under the trees, included ices, chicken, wafer-thin slices of ham, and beef; the drinks were tea, chocolate, ratafia, arrack punch, burgundy, claret, champagne, port, or cider. Entertainment, varied every night, was provided by a series of masquerades, firework displays, dances; and by concerts in the "Gothick" music room (irreverently nicknamed "The Umbrella"), where famous singers performed in operettas. In addition to these attractions were tight-rope walking displays and balloon ascents, while

Among the lesser of the pleasure gardens was Sadler's Wells, and the illustration on the left shows a view from the south-west. It is reproduced from a drawing made by R. C. Andrews in 1792

A general view of Vauxhall which admirably shows the disposition of the whole Gardens. Opened in 1661 under the name of New Spring Gardens, the grounds occupied about twelve acres of land situated between what is now Harleyford Road and Upper Kennington Lane

(On right) A very distinguished gathering at Vauxhall Gardens pictured by Rowlandson. While Madame Weischel sings from a lighted, decorated balcony, Dr. Johnson, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale are supping in a box, and Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Robinson and the Prince of Wales stand among the listening throng

(Below) A view of Marylebone Gardens in 1780. These pleasure grounds occupied the land now built over by Beaumont Street, Devonshire Place and Devonshire Street

idle strollers were diverted by orchestra stands, a multitude of ornamental arches and statues, and exotic buildings of Greek and Chinese derivation. The usual method—the pleasantest and easiest—of reaching Vauxhall was by water, the fashionable world embarking in barges at Charing Cross or Whitehall Stairs—though the inevitable "traffic jam" of waiting boats made landing an affair of patient waiting under the cross-fire of the watermen's mutually-hurled insults.

These Gardens were the meeting-place and recreation ground of all classes, the aristocracy and *ton* of the town literally rubbing shoulders with citizens and their wives, with Cyprians and milliners and shopkeepers and apprentices. Rowlandson's celebrated view of the Gardens shows us a very distinguished gathering indeed . . . while Mme. Weischel sings from a lighted, decorated balcony, Dr. Johnson, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale are supping in a box, and (*Continued on p.* 54)

PLAYGROUND FOR THE PEOPLE

Amidst the Great Scenic Beauties of Lakeland

(Above) Sunshine and light clouds over Derwentwater on a clear day, showing practically its entire length and islands. In the distance is Borrowdale Valley and Fells and Castlecrag. On the right is Brandlehow and Cat Bells. The Bay foreground, on property taken over by the National Trust, adjoins Friars Crag

That great institution the National Trust has been instrumental during the past fifty years in acquiring and preserving many historic buildings and beauty spots in this country. The four illustrations on these pages are of the Lake District, where large stretches of land, with views of surpassing beauty, have been secured for the people

(On right) A Cumberland retreat—a stretch of Lake Ullswater from Gowbarrow Fell, showing Aire Beck Valley contained in Gowbarrow Park (the first large Lake District property to be acquired by the National Trust in 1906) situated below. Long Crag and Birk Fell rise from the water's edge, almost perpendicularly, in the distance, from the deepest section of the lake, which is reputed to be deeper than Long Crag is high.

(On left) A quiet Lakeland retreat off the beaten track. In Cumberland's rugged country where trees, rock, and mountains abound—bearing a resemblance to a Scottish Highlands scene or a miniature Switzerland. A view of the upper reaches, towards its head, of Ullswater, taken from its south-eastern shore, which can be approached by footpath only, showing Silver Bay and Silver Hill. Foreground, lined with lofty fir trees and silver birches. On the far shore (right) are big beech trees and the famous Stybarrow Crag, rising almost perpendicular from the water's edge. Centre far side is Glencoyne Wood with Black Crag, Heron Dyke and Glenridding-Dod above

(Below) A peaceful, wooded scene in Cumberland, photographed from the heights above Gowbarrow Park (beside Dockray), looking on to a section of the upper stretches of Lake Ullswater. Sunday Crag can be seen in the distance, and the Vales of Glenridding and Patterdale. The famous Stybarrow Crag rises steeply from the lake on the right-hand side of the picture. The nearer of the two islands showing in the lake is House Holme

Islands of Mystery

I FIRST experienced that mysterious fascination which belongs, in greater or less degree, to all islands, when I was very young indeed.

The precise latitude and longitude of this particular example I never knew. It was situated, to be exact, in the middle of an ornamental lake in a smoky Manchester park. Grimy laurels and rhododendrons covered it, and in the spring two swans, which for some inexplicable reason were content to inhabit those waters, used to build a nest there, emerging occasionally with terrifying hissings to receive tribute of biscuits and chocolate from their daily admirers. How longingly I used to gaze upon that island! I was quite sure that no human foot had ever trodden it. How could it? There was no way to get there. What a glorious adventure it would be to land upon it—perhaps even to build a hut in the Never-Never Land beyond the rhododendrons! Simply anything might happen there.

Alas! That glory, like many greater glories, is long since departed. It is very many years since I last saw both lake and island, and I don't know that I want to see them again. I doubt not that I should find them sadly shrunken, like so many of the things one remembers from youth, and the mystery island a mere damp-smelling patch of sour earth, with nothing on it more interesting than scraps of paper and suchlike urban litter deposited by the casual breeze.

THAT particular mystery island, then, is, like Wordsworth's Yarrow, a "vision that hath perished." Yet even now, in a world from which science and discovery are bidding fair to make a clean sweep of the fascination of the unknown, there are still islands which keep their riddles as unanswered and unanswerable as the riddles of the Sphinx, brooding upon their world-old secrets in the midst of the seas, in calm indifference to the insatiable curiosity of mankind.

There are, for example, actual vanishing islands. Not visionary ones like the famous floating island on which, according to one legend, St. Brandan appeared off the coast of Portugal in the nick of time to take off a number of Christians who at the moment were anxious, as we should now say, to evacuate themselves from the conquering Moors. No such convenient receptacle for displaced persons seems to exist nowadays; but the belief in this one—Antilla, or Cipango, as it was variously called—persisted as late as the sixteenth century, when Portugal solemnly ceded it to Spain by treaty, describing it as the "Ilha nao truvota," or "Island never found."

But there are still islands which seem to have the gift of appearing and disappearing at will, like the Cheshire Cat, and of turning up on the charts in the form of "vigias," with the legend "P.D." (position doubtful) attached to them; discredited, perhaps, for years until some unfortunate master mariner accidentally re-establishes their reputation by bumping up against them on a dark night. The classic example of this are the Virgins Rocks, in the South Atlantic. Precisely what their present position is as regards official recognition I cannot say; but I would be willing to wager that, sooner or later, they are pretty sure to crop up again, to the anxiety of navigators and the confusion of cartographers.

FEW islands guard so many and such ancient mysteries as Crete, whose unforgettable skyline looks out over the waters of Homer's "many-voiced" Mediterranean, crowned by the majestic peak that was once Mount Ida. Crete cannot be accounted happy, for it has known much history and many wars since the Greeks came and cut away the pines on the slopes of Ida to build the fleet that sailed to Troy. And even then, even while the tallest of those pines were not yet saplings, it had known a civilisation that had risen, and flowered, and gone at last down into oblivion, thousands of years before the Christian era.

Excavations on the site of ancient Knossos have revealed that here on this island flourished a culture which excelled in pottery, art, weaving, goldsmiths' work—yes, even in modern sanitation—a culture which has vanished clean away, like last year's leaves. What became of it all? What dire catastrophe—invasion, epidemic, famine—swept that bustling, ordered community out of existence, as an ant-heap is swept out of existence by a stroke of the gardener's spade.

Nobody knows. Nobody, in all human likelihood, ever will know. This Minoan civilisation knew, among other things, how to write; and the characters of its writing have been found on clay tablets, on stones and on pottery among the sherds of its ruined cities. But to that writing, so far, no one has the key. The Rosetta Stone is yet to be discovered which may unlock the secrets of the

Decorations by Jack Matthew

Unsolved Riddles Of Nature And The Past

By C. Fox Smith

past glory of Crete and of its tragic end.

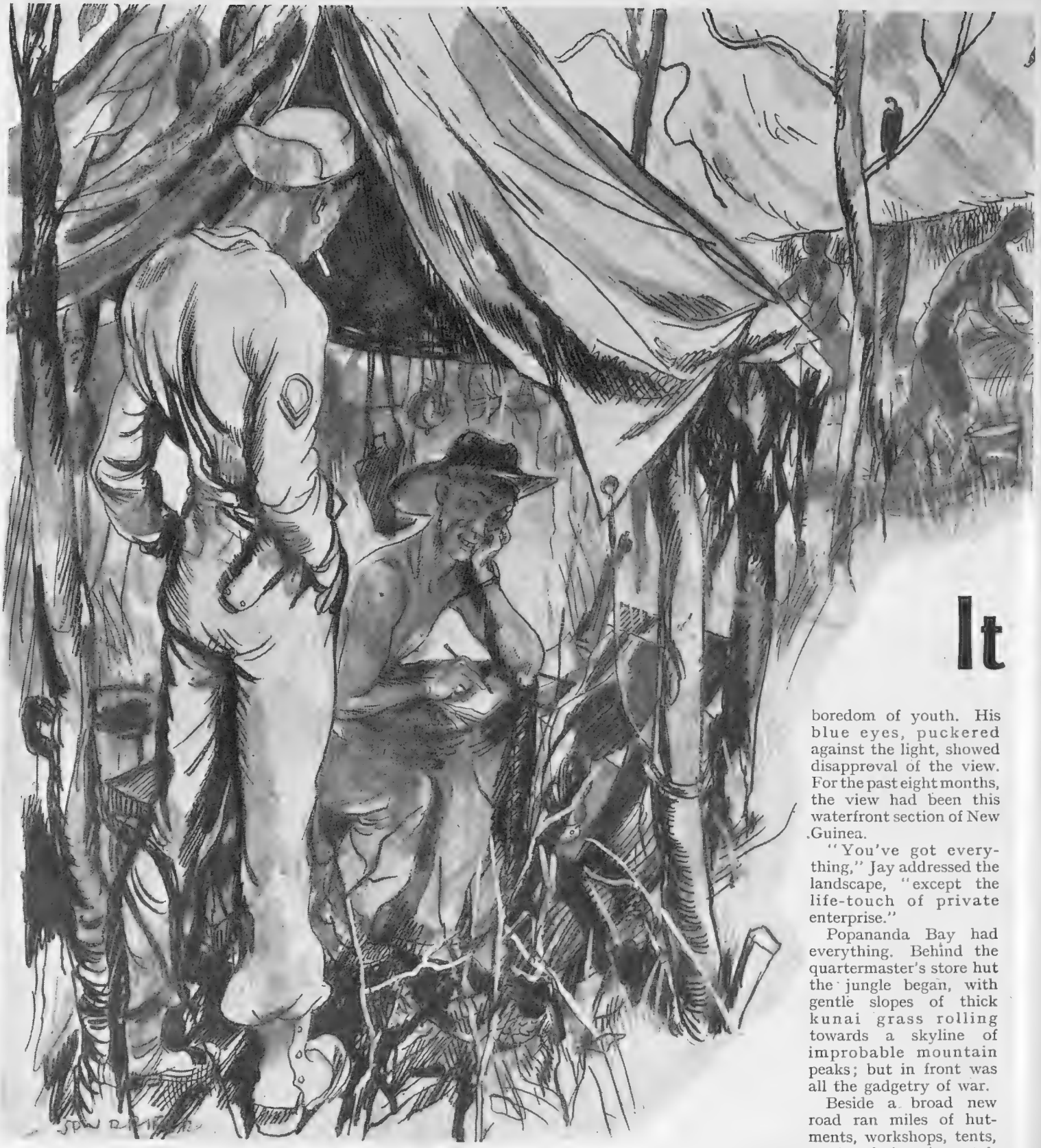
In the island of Grand Canary there is a rock which is known simply as "Los Letreros" ("the letters"), and another in the small island of Hierro in the Canary group goes by the same name, both of which have mysterious characters incised upon them. Archæological experts have pronounced the supposed characters idle or accidental scratches. But the fact that in both cases the stones are found close to burial places of the lost people of the islands, the Guanches, seems to suggest some kind of meaning in the inscriptions. The Guanches, so tradition asserts, disappeared as the result of a strange disease, which carried them off by thousands; the sufferers wandered away into the hills, hid themselves in caves and lay down to die, and even now heaps of bones or seated skeletons are occasionally discovered which have remained hidden through the centuries. Just what this mysterious plague was no one can say, but the symptoms suggest that it may have been a form of what we know as "sleepy sickness."

MANY thousands of miles away in the South Pacific Ocean, Easter Island, solitary, storm-beaten and swept by perpetual winds, presents its unsolved riddle to the world. True, that unmitigated nuisance of our day, the archæological debunker, has lately been at work here, discovering that the Easter Island images are not mysterious at all, but quite ordinary examples of Polynesian sculpture.

How it is that nothing remotely resembling these vast and brooding figures is to be found anywhere else in the South Seas is, however, not explained, nor is it ever likely to be; nor who built the stone houses and platforms, not unlike the traces of the Inca people still to be seen in some parts of South America. One theory suggests that Easter Island was once joined to the mainland of South America, part of a lost continent swallowed up by some great submarine upheaval; and the volcanic formation of the island lends some support to the theory.

LONELY Ascension — a "mountain and a cloud" in the Atlantic Ocean, as on the day the first explorer sighted it—has its riddles, too, but of another kind.

(*Continued on page* 67)



It

CORPORAL Arundel Runciman Jay came out of a day-dream in which he had been making his fortune. He woke up when the shadow of the native cut the square of sunlight in the doorway of the grass hut.

Cyril Ngatchutuk, boss-boy of the native labour detail assigned to the Amphibian Engineers, had come up noiselessly. He knew the sacred somnolence of white men on tropic afternoons.

"Three o'clock, master. We go now." His mission-taught English was almost a whisper.

"All that lumber stowed under cover?"

"Yes, master."

"Okay, Cyril. You go."

The shadow vanished. Jay rose from the ammunition box that was his office chair. He yawned and frowned. It was silly to have a labour force quit with three good hours of daylight in hand. But it seemed to be the local custom, and the boongs were strong on custom. With the insistence of gentle children, with a kindling of secret purpose in their eyes, they demanded to leave at three each afternoon, and went off to some rendezvous in the foot-hills.

It was one of those things, Jay brooded, which wouldn't last a minute if the war were run on business lines.

Jay crossed to the doorway of his hut. He towered there, limned in the golden boredom of youth. His blue eyes, puckered against the light, showed disapproval of the view. For the past eight months, the view had been this waterfront section of New Guinea.

"You've got everything," Jay addressed the landscape, "except the life-touch of private enterprise."

Popananda Bay had everything. Behind the quartermaster's store hut the jungle began, with gentle slopes of thick kunai grass rolling towards a skyline of improbable mountain peaks; but in front was all the gadgetry of war.

Beside a broad new road ran miles of hut-ments, workshops, tents, stacks of air-strip metal, crated motors, parks of bulldozers, dumps of gasolene. Telephone and power wires strung out right and left, following the profusion of the Base around the bay. Beyond the road was the white sand beach from which a hundred small craft trafficked with the Liberty ships a league off shore.

All round the half-moon bay, the base was a jagged scar edging into the foot-hills. Each dawn the C-54s skimmed over, wobbling up from the strip to make climbing turns over Jay's hut. Each noon, a return flight of them came in across the improbable mountains. Night and day, the broad road spat gravel dust from under truck tyres.

There was a PX along the road a bit,

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

UNDER a canvas awning rigged on poles, Johnnie sat on a gasoline drum. Stripped to the waist, he was pencilling sums in a book

Only Wants Enterprise

A Souvenir Racket In Which An American Corporal And A Couple Of Australians Learn The Immemorial And Perennially New Lesson Of Life's Pitfalls

By Frederick Howard

and a two thousand bed hospital, and at night you could find a dozen movie shows in Popananda. There were traffic cops in Dutch, Australian and American degrees of temper. There was a race-track, built by the Aussies. There were even rumours of an ice works to come.

The place had everything. Except, as Jay observed, private enterprise. Jay admitted to being an old-fashioned conservative. He was twenty-two.

On the edge of the road's traffic, a solitary pedestrian trudged along; a green-clad Australian, his smallness enhanced by the big, battered hat and by the heavy pack that bowed his shoulders. The Australian left the roadside and came towards the hut. From under the broad-brimmed hat a sharp, freckled face looked up.

"Say, is this Green Beach?" he called.

"Sure is," Jay told him.

"Can a man catch a ride down the coast from here, in an LST?"

"Should do. Around sunset. There's the beach-master's office," Jay pointed. "They'll tell you what's moving to-night."

"Thanks." The Australian slipped off his pack, and lowered himself with an old man's slowness to the ground.

Jay held out a packet of cigarettes.

"No thanks, pal. Lost the habit of them."

Jay looked hard at him. This was an ageless urchin, thin as a child. The green shirt, now black with sweat stain, the green trousers bagging out from the short canvas gaiters, and the muddy masses of what the Aussies called boots, all seemed grotesquely too big for this little man.

But Jay, who had been on Guadalcanal in the nightmare of August, '42, knew that the improbable was the real thing in war. Fighting men never looked the part. In the mountains now, away to the north-west, there was a division of Australians, clawing and killing its way along 8,000 foot ridges. Most of that division would be just gameness wrapped in sallow skin and bone, looking like this kid.

"Going out on leave?" Jay asked. The boy nodded.

He pulled off his hat, and fanned himself. "I'll be in strife with my girl," he said. "I'm coming out without a souvenir for her. . . Say, you don't happen to have a Nip flag you'd sell me, do you?"

Jay shook his head.

"Do you know anyone who has a flag or something?" the Australian persisted. "I promised her for certain. Look! I can pay, all right." He unbuttoned his shirt pocket and drew out a wallet. The bulge of pound notes was a fat one.

"Better take care of that, Aussie," Jay warned him.

"Aw, money! It doesn't get you far here. Might have got me a flag, though, if I'd thought of it in time. Mate of mine—red-headed chap called Curly Murchup—got a beaut off a Jap colonel, with a Jap prayer written on it. I'd have given twenty pounds for that. I'd give twenty now for any sort of Nip flag. Sure don't know of anyone who has one to sell?"

"Sorry I can't do business," said Jay. "Maybe a man ought to go into the souvenir racket in his spare time."

"They reckon there's money in it," the Australian agreed. "There was fake souvenirs a while back, when the boys had time to make 'em. Flags out of calico and red ink, and swords out of old jeep springs. But nobody falls for that now. Souvenirs have got to be the real thing." He got up slowly, and swung his gear on his back. "So long, Yank. I'll go down the beach and hang around till I get some transport out of this dump."

"Good luck."

"If you should happen to think of a nice souvenir for me girl, I'll be around the beach-master's hut. And I'm a cash customer."

"I'll remember that."

Jay turned back to his hut. He sat on the edge of his trestle table, drew on a cigarette and thought hard. Was there, perhaps, an opening for private enterprise in the war trophy business? A corporal in a quartermaster's office could not collect souvenirs at the source, but he might be well placed for retail business. Popananda had a floating population of rookies who'd buy anything. Maybe a smart guy should do something about it.

Reluctantly, Jay turned to his typewriter and resumed the burden of a quartermaster corporal's paper war.

AN hour later, Jay emerged, hung a sign "BACK AT 1830 HOURS" on the door, and set off for the engineer's mess hut.

He paused by the roadside when he noticed the second Australian.

He first saw the blaze of red hair. The man sat on a coconut tree stump near the road, his large head of carroty curls bowed as he removed a tattered pair of socks from his feet. His kit lay beside him, with the pack open. Against its grey-green canvas, Jay saw another patch of red. This was the crimson sun of a Japanese flag.

Jay strolled nearer.

The Australian looked up. He had the long head, hooked nose and thin-lipped, sardonic smile of the "typical" Australian. He waved a sock in greeting to Jay, then discarded it into the ditch, with a delicate motion of disgust.

"Good afternoon to you, corporal." His voice was softly pedantic. "You find me parting from a pair of old friends who have outstayed their welcome. Do you happen to know if it's far from here to the Australian headquarters?"

"About a mile, if you mean the Base Area H.Q.," Jay told him. "Turn on to the dirt road at the next bend. There's a code sign standing on the turn-off."

The Australian nodded. He opened his clasp-knife, and reached over to his pack for the Japanese flag.

"You're not going to cut that up?" Jay protested.

"Why not? It'll wrap round my feet instead of sock. Not a bad finish for a Nip colonel's prayer, really."

"Just you wait a minute," said Jay. He went back to his hut, and returned with a couple of pairs of G.I. cotton socks.

"Try these," he directed. "They're not as thick as yours, but wear 'em double and they'll fill your shoes. Mind if I have a look at your Jap flag?"

The flag was tossed over to him.

"Don't know why I carried the thing so far," the Australian said. "I must be getting morbid. See those characters in red around the border? That's the prayer, or something, the Nip wrote in his own blood before he died."

"Say! That's a real souvenir. Care to sell it?"

The Australian pulled his boots on over the socks, and shook his head thoughtfully.

"Aw, this stuff is all junk. Hard to get, of course. But I wouldn't want to sell you something you'd most likely get tired of."

"It'd be for a girl. You know what a kick they get out of this sort of thing."

"I don't approve. Do you? Girls

ought never to like such things."

"My friend," said Jay. "I don't go around reforming girls. It'd be a waste of time."

"Maybe. Hadn't thought of that. Well, if you want it. . . ."

"What do you say to five pounds?"

The Australian stood up. He unfolded to a stringy height of six and a half feet. "If you insist. Not that money's much good to a man here. Still, if you insist."

Jay drew a wallet from his hip pocket. It contained precisely five pounds. He hesitated.

"You don't happen to be goin' out on leave in an LST to-night, do you?" he asked.

"No such luck. I'm reporting to Base Area here. From now on I'm to be a chair-borne commando. M'name's Murchup, by the way. They call me Curly."

Jay passed over the five pounds. "Okay, Curly. Stop in if you're passing this way. We might do another trade if you pick up some more souvenirs. So long."

Jay turned away, crumpling the flag and stuffing it into his side pocket. He headed across the road towards the beach-master's office.

An hour later, he walked slowly back in the dark towards his hut. His left fist squeezed

CYRIL NGATCHUTUK, boss-boy of the native labour detail assigned to the Amphibian Engineers, had come up noiselessly

the flag that was still in his pocket.

There had been eleven G.I.s eloquently assembled outside the beach-master's office. They were discovering that each of them carried what purported to be a Japanese flag. Each, on a separate occasion during the day, had insisted on purchasing the flag from a long, carroty-headed Australian, and was now looking for a small, freckle-faced Australian with a lot of money and an expressed wish to spend some of it on a flag. Collectively, they were learning that such a person had never been seen by the beach-master. They were learning the immemorial and perennially new lesson of life's pitfalls.

A crumb of personal comfort for Jay was that he had not revealed himself to the other flag-speculators as one of them. His corporal's stripes and his reputation as a business man had not come under public ridicule. That was something. What would be much more satisfying would be to get a good smack at those two Aussies.

"But you never do see guys like that again," he told himself.

He kicked open the door of his hut, snapped on the electric light.

The two Australians were sitting side by side on his cot, waiting for him with amiable but hesitant smiles.

Jay moved instantly. He was half-way across the hut, with fists set and eyes measuring the tall one, Curly, when the smaller Australian flashed in front of him and laid placatory hands against his chest.

"Take it easy, Yank," he said. "This is a friendly visit."

"Yeah?" Jay gripped him under the armpits, eased him to one side.

Curly had risen. He had some pound notes in his hand.

Over his head, Jay and Curly watched each other. Jay saw a light begin to twinkle in the tawny eyes of the big Australian, saw the corners of the thin mouth twitch, and at once he knew the absurdity of the situation. He said: "It's myself I'm mad at," and lowered his hands.

"Here's your fiver back, corporal," he said.

"No need to add insults," said Jay.

"Beg your pardon?"

"I made a sucker of myself, and you'll keep the dough. But by Judas's priest, I'll knock your ears off to get value for it."

The little fellow was bobbing up and down in front of him now.

"No, Yank; you don't want to do that. It'd mess up the hut, and I'd have to fight you, after."

Curly said: "That's better. You gave us an idea that's worth more than a fiver. Here, take this money. You told Johnnie here you thought a man ought to get into the souvenir game. Well, we've got a business proposition for you."

Jay took the money from him and sat down.

"Business! You've got your nerve with you. Well, make it short," he said. "I got work to (*Continued on page* 61)

Saucer Posies

A New Idea For Table Decoration

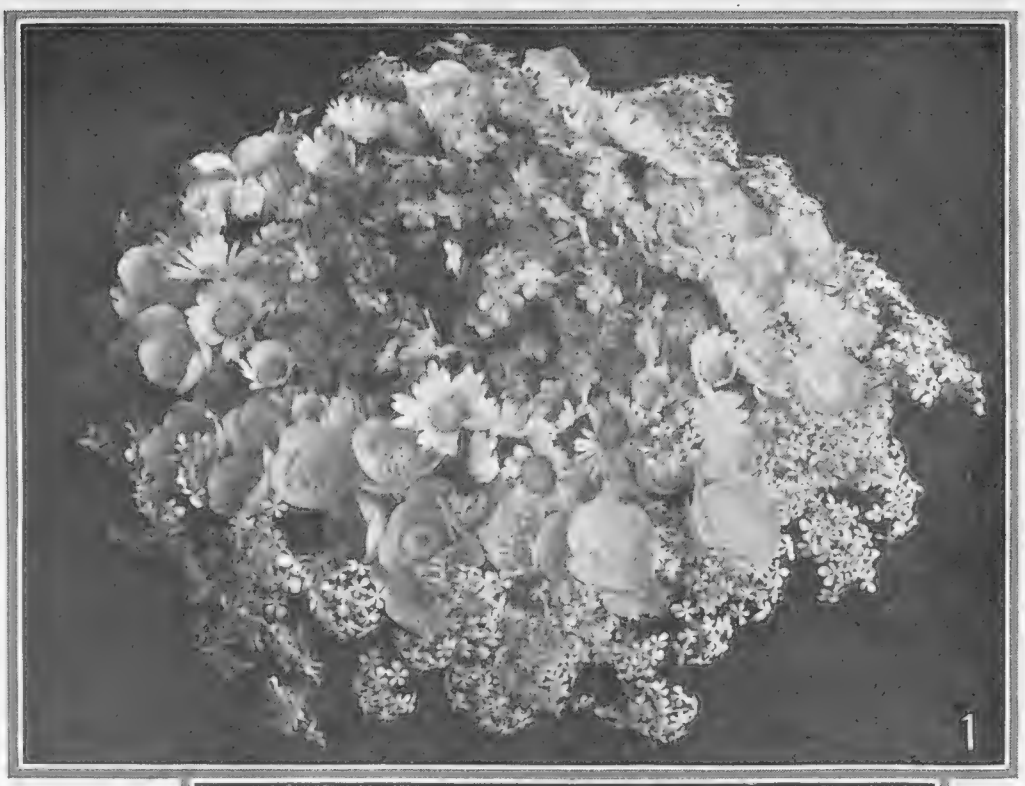
WE had walked a long way down the valley and climbed eight thousand feet to the chalet at the top of the pass. Inside, it was cool and inviting after the scorching sun and bright glare from the snow, and gracing a table by the window was a further delight. Someone had gathered the little alpine flowers and arranged them as a flat posy in a saucerful of water.

Round the edge were dotted mountain daisies, inside these was a ring of sulphur yellow anemones followed by mauve violas and tucked in the middle blazed a bunch of gentians, the big gentiana acaulis, the bluest flowers that grow. It was an arrangement which just suits these flowers of the snows. They have short stalks and look lost if bunched together in a vase.

I have made posies of our own wild English flowers. Like the alpine flowers, many of them are short stalked and look too small and insignificant by themselves for indoor decoration, but mass them together in formal rings in a saucer or soup plate after the style of a Victorian bouquet, and you have a fascinating mosaic of colour.

Nearly all the summer you can find plants like the cow parsley with which to form the lace round the edge of the saucer. The creamy white elder flowers make a particularly beautiful edging. If the flower stalks are longer than an inch, cut them to this length. Fill the saucer with water after you have arranged the flowers.

Margherita Hudson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1. *Even the lowly daisies and buttercups make a pretty posy, especially if you mass forget-me-nots in the centre*

2. *A posy the author made to while away the time on a wet holiday in Scotland. Wild flowers from the loch-side woods and meadows*

3. *Little, short-stalked flowers are particularly suitable for arranging as saucer posies*

No More

MARY was twenty-three when she married her airman—two years ago. We had known her since she was a schoolgirl—an exceptionally pretty schoolgirl—and still look on her almost as a daughter.

Her father, an estate agent in the country town a few miles from Mossford, died just after the war started and Mary kept the business going through several of the war years; she sold it, however, when she married. She was very comfortably off—five or six hundred a year, I suppose, as well as Beechwood Cottage.

This was next to ours. It had been "converted" under Mary's guidance and was a very pleasant place. She lived there with an old servant and, naturally, most of the residents wondered who the lucky man would be.

For some months before the war she was at a famous art school in London, but left it when she realized that she would never be an artist. It was there, however, that she met Arthur Wilton, who was a year or so her senior.

He came down to the cottage several times while her father was alive and I must confess that I found him rather difficult. He was an Artist—with a large capital A—dogmatic, and rather aggressive. He wore his hair far too long in those days, and his clothes were on the sloppy side. There is nothing actually indecent in magenta trousers, I suppose, but the garment offended my middle-age susceptibilities. His shirts and ties were almost as talkative as he was. But he was amazingly good-looking and, from what I saw of his work, bound sooner or later to ring the bell.

"You shouldn't listen to him at all," my wife said one day when I had damned him about something or other. "Just look at him."

I took back everything I had said about Arthur Wilton when the war came. He packed up his brushes and paints, had a haircut—goodness alone knows what became of the magenta trousers—and joined the R.A.F. He was not merely one of the immortal few but—my informant on the point was an air vice-marshal—one of the most daring fighter pilots of them all.

He was badly shaken up in a crash after one of the Hamburg raids, and rescued more dead than alive from the North Sea. Ultimately he reached the big hospital, rather less than a mile from Mossford, where my wife put in most of her war work, and there, of course, he saw Mary again. My wife was very fond of them both, and was delighted when they became engaged and still more so when they married

They spent their honeymoon in Mary's cottage. It was a lovely June and he was able to spend his leave painting to his heart's content.

"He has two passions," my wife said of him. "Painting and flying."

"Where does Mary come in?" I asked.

"She understands him—fortunately."

"That hardly answers my question," I pointed out.

"Yes it does," my wife insisted, and maybe

Illustrations by

Hermiones

Artistic Temperament And Matrimony Can Sometimes Make A Good Partnership

By Holloway Horn

it is just as well to leave the question unanswered at that.

He painted one exquisite picture of his wife—a profile—that showed beyond a peradventure that he was, without any qualification, an artist. And then his other passion claimed him once more. He rejoined his squadron, and Mary was alone in her cottage.

There were week-ends and the usual spots of leave, but nothing settled or permanent. Not the most satisfactory way of starting married life, of course.

Months later, he was in another crash which left him with a slight limp, shattered nerves, and an additional decoration. Ultimately he came back to the cottage. He had to attend a hospital in town once a week, otherwise he could give up his whole time to painting. He required a great deal of patience—to put it mildly—in the weeks which followed, but his wife never failed him. He was domineering, irritable, contemptuous of everybody and everything not associated with one or other of his twin passions. Difficult—let it go at that.

But he was painting better than ever.

His face, too, had changed. It was no longer the face of a boy but of a man who had looked without flinching into the very eyes of death. He was no longer merely good-looking. I fancy he could have walked into any studio in Hollywood and got a job, but I can also imagine what he would have said if it had been suggested to him.

IT was about this time that Mrs. Mortimer Mendel appeared on the scene. She and her husband had the best rooms at the Crown Hotel on Mossford Common. Mortimer Mendel was a business man who had made a considerable fortune out of Government contracts. He looked like a man who would make a considerable fortune out of anything—a little oily, breezy, ferrety sort of fellow. Fiftyish. He only showed up in Mossford at the week-ends. His wife was one of those spectacular, strident women. She said she was twenty-nine; thirty-six was probably nearer the truth. Very modern and, judging from her mouth, with the tenacity of a bulldog. She had the lovely figure of a slender schoolgirl, but it was the result of her sheer tenacious will-power. The woman never seemed to eat anything. Old Connister at the "Crown" was very funny about his guest. Nothing on Monday, a little cabbage on Tuesday, two ounces of lean meat on Thursday, never sugar or milk in her tea and paying Connister's top prices all the time!

She had been on the stage and, if one liked her type, was a very attractive woman. Arthur apparently did like the type and, of course, it was only a matter of time before he had arranged to paint her.

MARY didn't give me a chance to explain. All she said was: "I'll tell Martha to bring in tea for you and your girl friend"

"The only snag is the husband," Arthur complained. "He is frog-like and I am allergic to frogs. He beams on my work with his hands in his trousers pockets and his legs apart. It would give me simple but exquisite pleasure to strangle him. Can you explain why so lovely a creature should have married him?"

"Very easily," I said.

He waited, head cocked a little on one side, watching me.

"For his money, of course," I went on.

He snorted.

"Why not?" I pursued. "It is a fair contract. She wanted money—she's the type that would—and she has obtained it. He has kept his part of the contract. I hope she does hers."

"And what is hers?"

"My dear Arthur, if you read the marriage service of the Established Church you will find the whole contract set out with the most admirable clarity."

"You're a funny old bird, aren't you?" was his comment.

He was still attending the hospital from time to time but, as far as one could judge, making no progress whatever. His wife, I know, was increasingly worried, and his comments on the various doctors who saw him were, I am certain, grossly unfair and probably libellous. Mrs. Mortimer Mendel knew of a man in London who, although not exactly a registered medical man, was marvellous, and, when Arthur wouldn't go with her to see him, brought the marvel to Mossford. He was one of the oddest-looking men I have ever seen. Arthur was fascinated with his face. He wouldn't listen to him, or discuss his case with him; he just wanted to paint him.

My wife, it was, who first suggested that Mrs. Mortimer Mendel had designs on Arthur.

Albert Bailey

"Nonsense, my dear!" I protested.

"I'm quite certain of it; Mary knows it too."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Quite. She's one of those *hungry* women."

I glanced at my wife's comfortable figure . . . and waited.

"Twenty-nine!" she snapped.

"Aren't you being the least bit uncharitable?" I suggested, very solemnly.

"No," said my wife. "You hate the cat as much as I do."

"I've never said so," I pointed out, mildly.

"I'm very worried," she replied in a different tone. "The Mendel creature is losing her head over Arthur. And in his queer, nervous state, anything may happen."

"I don't see what we can do about it, even if what you say is true."

"In that portrait he's doing of her, he makes her look about twenty-five."

"That, surely, is the art of portraiture," I said lightly.

"I don't want you to be funny, dear," she said quietly. "I've told you I'm worried. Under normal conditions I always laugh dutifully when you are being funny, but this is a serious matter."

"Then let us be serious. I still don't see what we can do."

"I wish he'd go back into the R.A.F. until she's gone."

"My dear," I began, "neither Arthur nor Mrs. Mendel are fools. He is a romantic figure, but she isn't taking risks. She knows exactly on which side her bread is buttered."

"Arthur and Mary are the two nicest young people we have ever known," she said reflectively.

"If Arthur knew that you had called him 'nice,' I really think he'd bite you."

"You're in a very awkward mood," she complained.

"My dear—there is nothing we can do. The only person who can take any action at all is Mary—obviously."

"I suppose so. And all she has done is to mention it to me."

"More to the point, surely, if she had mentioned it to her husband?"

My wife looked at me quietly: "And you're supposed to understand women," she said at length.

I met Mary that afternoon in the village. She was wearing a little suit of navy blue with a small, close-fitting hat. It may sound rather ordinary, but as far as appearance went she could have knocked spots off any Mendel woman in the world. There was youth—real youth—in her figure, carriage and complexion. And intelligence in her blue eyes.

"Hullo," I said. "Where's the artist?"

"Painting," she smiled. "He's making a really attractive picture of Mrs. Mortimer Mendel."

"A very decorative lady," I said.

She nodded.

"She must have been very beautiful as a young woman," I said, at a venture.

"She still is," said Mary.

"My dear—for sheer loveliness she isn't in the same street as you."

"You *are* an old darling," she laughed. "I was feeling rather a hag to-day. So—gauche. Mrs. Mortimer Mendel knows exactly the effect she wishes to make—and proceeds to make it. I should love to have her—sureness, her suavity."

"You will—when you're her age. But you will have lost the things she has lost."

"Very deep," laughed Mary, and with a little, characteristic gesture, went on her way, leaving me with the feeling that she could more than hold her own against all the Mortimer Mendels in the world.

One evening, a few days later, I had reason, however, to wonder whether my confidence was justified. My study faces the garden and my friends can, and often do, come straight in. That evening I heard a step on the gravel path and looked up from my desk as Arthur entered. I could see at a glance that something was wrong.

"Hullo," I said, and added before I remembered I hadn't any: "Have a drink?"

Fortunately he refused.

"Anyway, sit down," I said.

"She's gone," (*Continued on page* 64

WHEN at length Mary appeared, she was alone. She did not notice her husband, and crossed to a table where she sat with her back to him

(On left) In the decoration of fine china the designer finds one of the most challenging mediums. This delightful coffee set, "Persian Pony," is in black with splashes of ruby on a white ground. Designed by Victor Skellern, A.R.C.A.

(Below) Future furnishing fabrics promise colour, beauty and variety of texture among other practical advantages. Here is a typical, screen-printed furnishing fabric in wine and white, designed for later issue, by John Tunnard.

DESIGNER + CRAFTSMAN = BEAUTY

A movement has begun, significant for industry and for the British housewife, to bring the work of the designer into practical relationship with that of the craftsman.

Together, they are uniting to bring a new standard of beauty to everyday objects of domestic use, and to produce them at a cost within the reach of every purse.

China, textiles, furniture, glass, even pots and pans and fireplaces, among other things, are to be liberated from the stranglehold of mere utilitarianism.

Early this summer, an exhibition will be held in London to show what progress has been made towards accomplishing this marriage of Beauty and Utility. Housewives will be able to see for themselves at the Exhibition, which is to be called "Britain Can Do It," the first fruits of a national endeavour to make the homes of England—even the most humble of them—as beautiful as British talent and ingenuity can make them.

Another attractive design for a furnishing fabric. A printed rayon with a fanciful pattern in several combinations of colouring on a natural ground.

Traditional designs flourish among those of a more modern tendency in the latest decorative appointments for the home. This is a Wedgwood china tea-set in turquoise, ivory and enamel, of a much-favoured traditional pattern.

Glass utensils and table appointments lend themselves particularly well to the designers' art. This sherry set in flint glass is designed for James Powell and Sons.

There Is A Future For These

Tokens of

"The day Saint Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day,
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all
To know what happy swains the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge
Of true love knots and sonnets nicely penned."

JUST how it happened that a priest of Ancient Rome, martyred many hundreds of years ago, should have become the patron saint of lovers, is a story that has been lost in the mists of time.

Sometime during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, one, Valentine, a priest, paid the supreme penalty for his faith. On the same date, February 14, it was the custom with the youthful population of Rome to celebrate the Lupercalia, which, it seems, consisted in feasts and junketing in honour of the God Pan and Juno. How these two events came to be associated is anybody's guess.

It is thought, by some authorities, that the anonymity came into it as a legacy from the feasts, a part of which consisted in the lads of the day drawing the names of the local lassies out of the Roman equivalent of a hat. Somewhere in the proceedings, and for reasons best known to themselves, the priests substituted for these names those of the goddesses of current favour. It is far from clear how they sorted it out in the end, but it all seems to have been very great fun.

There is a rural tradition that the birds of the air choose their mates on St. Valentine's day, a charming notion, if inaccurate which may account for the presence, in such profusion, of doves and blue-birds, and the other feathered, unspecified varieties which crowd the lacy love-tokens of the past.

However these queer beliefs and traditions have linked up, the fact remains that the quaint custom of declaring one's affections through the post, and anonymously, has succeeded in capturing the imagination of youth through many centuries.

To-day, the sentimental Valentine has been somewhat vulgarised, its exuberant decoration has given way, for the most part, to comedy, but for all that, the Valentine is alive and kicking, though we may have become a little patronising about the "lovers' knots and sonnets nicely penned," in which our less inhibited ancestors found so much to please.

To-day, the Valentine is one of the last representatives of the sentiment which gave an enviable touch of grace to the lives and manners of the past. Sentiment is rapidly being swamped by realism, romance is frayed at the edges from so much contact

the Past

with sophistication. Women are the sadder for it, and men are neglecting a very valuable aid to their wooing, if they only knew it.

We may look askance at the charming love-messages of Victoriana. Bouquets and sonnets seem a little off the beam in an atomic age. But for all that, the efficient, realistic, independent woman of to-day, far removed as she may seem from the languid, clinging vine of long ago, is far from indifferent to the softer touches of the sentimental.

Romance changes little. War and economic chaos, atom bombs and party politics may occupy our attention—*have* to occupy our attention—to the exclusion of many more gracious and beguiling matters, but boy continues to meet girl and the old magic is as potent as ever.

Our preoccupations tend to strip romance of its decoration. Life is more and more shorn of the more delicate tokens of emotion and affection. You cannot tie up your telephone conversations with pink ribbon bows and lay them by for keepsakes. The love-letter has come down to a few words of typescript—and largely in the idiom, at that—though there are few women who do not feel the stir of emotion at an all-out declaration of affection through the post.

Life is grim and earnest, but why must we discard the charming compliment, the little gift of flowers? The Englishman has earned the reputation of being a self-conscious lover, and half a head behind his American counterpart at any estimate. Yet it was not always so. History and fiction are crowded with the towering figures of masculine romance, and the most engaging of them were sentimentalists, mostly unashamed.

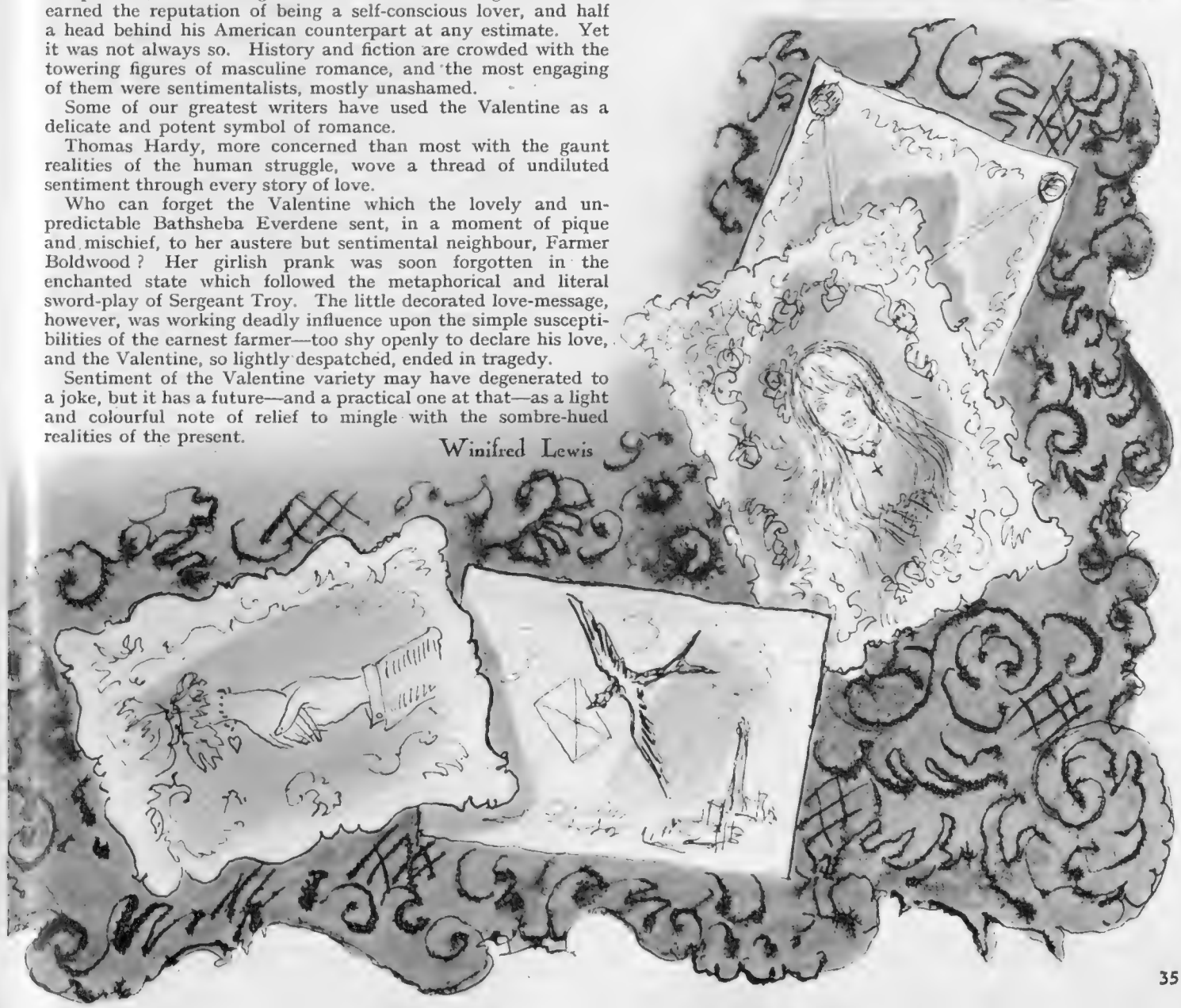
Some of our greatest writers have used the Valentine as a delicate and potent symbol of romance.

Thomas Hardy, more concerned than most with the gaunt realities of the human struggle, wove a thread of undiluted sentiment through every story of love.

Who can forget the Valentine which the lovely and unpredictable Bathsheba Everdene sent, in a moment of pique and mischief, to her austere but sentimental neighbour, Farmer Boldwood? Her girlish prank was soon forgotten in the enchanted state which followed the metaphorical and literal sword-play of Sergeant Troy. The little decorated love-message, however, was working deadly influence upon the simple susceptibilities of the earnest farmer—too shy openly to declare his love, and the Valentine, so lightly despatched, ended in tragedy.

Sentiment of the Valentine variety may have degenerated to a joke, but it has a future—and a practical one at that—as a light and colourful note of relief to mingle with the sombre-hued realities of the present.

Winifred Lewis



ELEGANT IN BLACK

Good with a Suit, or, Jewelled-up, with a Dressier Skirt

MATERIALS

6 ozs. of 2-ply Sirdar Super Shetland wool; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; two buttons; four No. 12 needles, pointed both ends.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins.; across the back and front under-arms, 17 ins.; length of sleeve (under-arm), 17 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 120 sts. Work 4 rows k. 1, p. 1, rib. Change to the following pattern.

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

2nd row.—Purl.

3rd row.—Knit the knit and purl the purl of the sts. of the first row.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd row throughout. Continue in pattern for 5 ins. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 130 sts. Work without further shaping until 14 ins. from the cast-on edge. (*Continued on page 64*)

MATERIALS

7 ozs. of Paton's 3-ply Beehive Fingering in main colour; 1½ ozs. of 3-ply in contrast colour; 1 pair of No. 12 and 1 pair of No. 10 knitting needles; buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins.; across the back under-arms, 17 ins.; across half-front under-arms (with edge), 10 ins.; under-arm of sleeve, 17½ ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With contrast colour wool and No. 10 needles cast on 110 sts. Knit into the back of first row; work 9 rows in moss st. as follows:

* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd and every following row: knit the knit and purl the purl sts. of the preceding row. Change to main colour wool, with a knit row. Work now in stocking stitch (one row knit, one row purl). Work 1 in., then dec. 1 stitch each end of the next and every 4th row following until 98 sts. remain. Work without further (*Continued on page 64*)

TAKING IT STRAIGHT

A Shorter-than-usual, Casual Woolly, Hanging Straight

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor
Women's Department

The all-over letting up on severity, the new softened outlines which make the current clothes beguilingly feminine, stop this side of good taste. Dressiness is in, but fussiness, thank heaven, still out. This New Year we are promised more and better girdles and foundations, real rubber elastic, nylon stockings (around May) and plastic shoes.

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1. Otterburn tweed suit, adroitly mixing classic tailored lines with the soft detail of the scrolled, collarless neck. (In four interesting colours.) Harella.

2. The little mainstay black crêpe dress, comely with drapes and ties, a low neck. Percy Trilnick.

3. Fine blue woollen dress bursting with news... the two shaded crêpe scarf neckline (or, scarfless, worn low), the full skirt, the stressed hips, the pouched sleeves. Rima.

4. Tomato-red jersey shirtmaker, thought out, carried out and detailed in the 100 per cent. Wolsey manner, with a fly front fastening and rows of inverted tucks shaping the waist. Wolsey.

1. Electrical "background heating" is a new method of providing steady warmth as an auxiliary form of heating by means of tubular heaters fixed to the walls, as in the picture. These maintain the atmosphere at a given temperature under thermostatic control. Any length of tubing can be installed

2. Motion study in kitchen planning ensures better service from electrical appliances. An electrically-controlled kitchen showing the planned use of working space

3. A dining-kitchen with a glass cupboard partition separating the dining bay from the working kitchen. Adjacent wall outlets provide close-to-hand plugging-in points for electric table apparatus

4. A vacuum cleaner does more than remove the dust of carpets and upholstery. It excels in getting into inaccessible crevices. This is a Hoover model cleaning an ornamental clock. A vacuum cleaner can be used for six hours at the cost of one unit of current

KNOWLEDGE ABOUT

to help increase the efficiency and

MOST women have electrical apparatus in their homes; all of us hope to have more when the supply of labour-saving devices is increased, as it soon will be. A smattering of technical knowledge about the management and performance of them is essential to get the best service. The information that follows proves that such knowledge is within the understanding of the least technically-minded.

MEASURING CONSUMPTION.—All electrical appliances are stamped with their consumption in watts. A Board of Trade unit of electricity is equal to 1000 watt-hours (or 1 kilowatt). So any apparatus using 1 kilowatt consumes one unit of current per hour.

An appliance rated at 100 watts operates at full power for ten hours with one unit of electricity. If rated at 250 watts, it operates for four hours with one unit.

ELECTRIC FIRES.—These vary between 500 to 750 watts, and consume from one-half to three-quarters of a unit an hour. They can be run from ordinary wall-plugs used for lighting.

Larger fires need heavier wiring, as they may take up as much as three units an hour if all bars are in operation.

COOKERS.—Recent cooker models are more completely switch-controlled for flexibility. That is to say, the oven is thermostatically regulated and the top-stove operates on a wider range of heat regulation than formerly.

Approximate estimates of the cost of cooking by electricity show that the current consumption, in a family of four or five persons, works out, on an average, at about one unit per person per day. This relates to a 3-6 kilowatt cooker.

With a modern electric cooker, food is cooked in still air, not in a current of hot air, so that there is less splashing of fat in the oven. All the same, grease should be removed regularly to keep the apparatus at its best.

ELECTRIC BULBS.—A 40-watt bulb burns for twenty-five hours at the cost of one unit of electricity. A 60-watt bulb consumes one unit in seventeen hours, and a 100-watt bulb gives ten hours of lighting for the same consumption of current.

REFRIGERATORS consume about one unit of current a day for the small-family sizes. Where it is possible to accommodate the 'Frig in the larder or in a cooler section of the kitchen, the consumption of electricity will be a little less. Regular defrosting of the apparatus is important to its efficiency.

YOUR POWER . . .

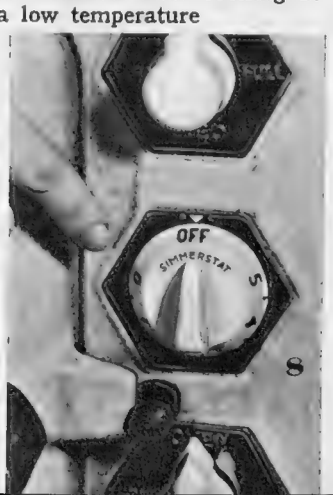
economy of domestic apparatus.

5. A number of plugs at strategic points greatly increase the labour-saving qualities of electrical apparatus. A toaster and percolator in use on the kitchen working surface near the cooker, where the breakfast is preparing

6. An electric drying apparatus which can be installed in any cupboard of suitable depth, making washing day independent of the weather

7. A water-heater with *two* thermostatic immersion heaters. One is always in circuit, and another comes in when required to provide more water for baths. Four gallons of hot water per unit

8. The new Simmerswitch can now be fitted to any existing cooker for 17s. 6d., and ensures slow cooking at a low temperature



The Case For Your STAIRCASE

The front hall and stairs are the front page of the story that is your home. And their decoration should be as carefully planned as any of your rooms

1. This is only a small house, but the well-designed staircase impresses. Creamy walls are enhanced by brilliant-coloured rugs, and, at night, are softly flooded with light from the panel fittings at the foot of the sweeping staircase.

2. This narrow but very graciously proportioned hall in an older house has walls, ceiling and all woodwork treated with glossy cream paint, which emphasises its architectural grace and increases the appearance of space.

3. Ruby carpet, flecked with cream, contrasts richly with apple-blossom-pink walls and woodwork, this simple hall and staircase. The bleak line of wall is broken with a ruby cord, replacing the conventional banister.

4. This is pure glamour, but shows how such an effect can be obtained by comparatively simple means. The lofty door and window are framed in a deeply-swagged curtain of magenta edged with white fringes.

Books:

Reviewed by Alan Seymour

"THE Cross and the Arrow," by Albert Maltz (Harrap, 9s. 6d.), is a war book—but a war book with a difference.

It tells, starkly, realistically, grippingly of life behind the German lines in 1942.

The story is full of tense situations and dramatic events and is powerfully written. The reader plunges into action within the first few hundred words, and the suspense piles up breathlessly.

British planes are thundering overhead on their way to a target further inland, when a worker in a secret tank factory—a German specially decorated only the day before with a War Service Cross—is shot whilst trying to direct the R.A.F. planes to the factory which employs him.

This is the first link in a chain of events involving many of his compatriots.

The complexities of life in Germany with everyone afraid and suspicious of everyone else, and the impossibility of reconciling old ideals with the new order are brilliantly portrayed. The whole thing is dynamic with action, and the words used in the telling of it are by no means minced.

IN "Far East" (Batsford, 15s.), Cecil Beaton gives an atomic account of the time he spent in India and China during the war. He was sent there by the Ministry of Information to take photographs, some of which—in addition to one of the author's paintings and numerous pen and ink sketches — embellish this book.

Much of "Far East" comprises an account of a visit to Assam, Burma and the Arakan front.

As usual, Batsfords have produced the book like the craftsmen they are.

WHEN nine-year-old Elsie Elton, crossing the Atlantic as a refugee from London's raids in 1940, wrote an innocent letter to whomsoever might find it, sealed it up in a bottle and threw it overboard, she little thought of the international complications which would arise from this childish act.

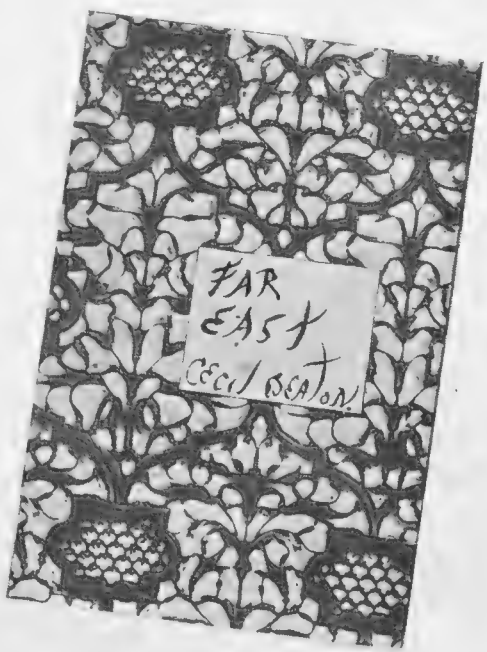
Indeed, no one but George Birmingham *could*, with this as his starting-point, make such a diabolically naïve confusion of happenings ensue!

"Good Intentions" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), is George Birmingham at his ingenious best. Needless to say, Elsie's little letter is duly washed ashore on a small island off the West Coast of Connaught. The fact that it is found by an equally innocent little girl there, doesn't prevent the British Treasury, the Bank of England, Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty, the censorship authorities, a high official of the Civil Service, and certain Irish Republican factions hostile to England all from becoming deeply involved!

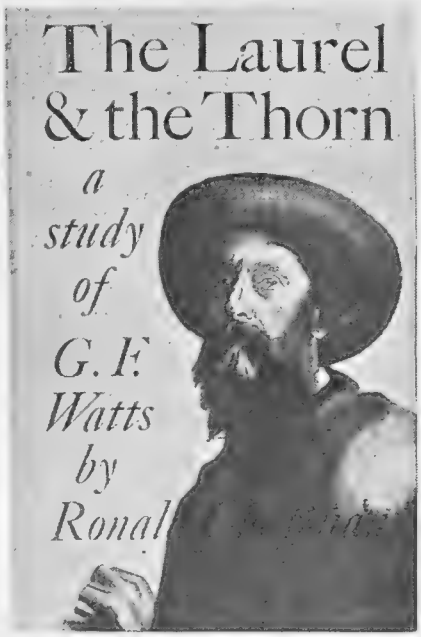
In fact, only one of those improbabilities which George Birmingham alone knows how to make probable, prevented Elsie's bottled letter from leading to—murder!

IN "First Tide" (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.), Alan Melville, the B.B.C. correspondent, gives us an eye-witness account of the D-Day landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944, and the campaign which followed on this part of our invasion front.

Melville was attached to a R.A.F. Beach Squadron, the first to land in Europe, and he was "on the spot" all the time. It is a vivid, authentic record of the greatest of all military operations, and is a forthright, natural, and often humorous piece of writing containing much which historians will prize. (*Continued on page* 58)



A Lionized Victorian



THIS book lacks nothing in spontaneity because of the care which obviously has been lavished on its preparation.

The appendices are particularly valuable to students of Victorian art. Apart from an excellent bibliography and index, there is a collection of letters from Ruskin, a section dealing with the painter's technique, by the curator of the Watts Gallery and other appendices giving Watts's view on Haydon and an account of the Royal Academy Commission on which Watts served in 1863.

The public life of G. F. Watts, the greatly lionized Victorian painter, is colourful enough to provide material for an attractive portrait, but in **"The Laurel and the Thorn"** (Faber & Faber, 18s.), Ronald Chapman has given us more than just this. He has had access to private papers and correspondence and the book which results from his researches is a thoughtful full-length study.

Watts's career, until his successful second marriage late in life, was a succession of phases, in each of which he was dominated by some patroness who took a maternal attitude towards him. Even his nominal marriage to Ellen Terry—when she was seventeen and he was already approaching middle age—was arranged for him by his managing ladies.

Daily Helps . . .

TO MAKE LIGHT WORK OF THOSE CHORES YOU ARE HAVING TO DO WITHOUT ASSISTANCE

KEEPING drawers in apple-pie order is much simpler if you arrange a series of shallow trays one on top of the other inside each drawer. These can be made from cardboard boxes to which loop handles of wide tape or braid can be attached. Underclothes or household linen can be kept in separate, tidy sections by this means.

- To get a much higher polish on shoes and with the least amount of elbow grease, try a few drops of methylated spirit rubbed into the leather on a dry cloth after the ordinary polish has been applied.

- Another polishing tip, for tumblers and all kinds of glassware. Screw up a sheet of newspaper, dip it in water and after squeezing out the surplus moisture, rub the paper around the inside and outside of the glass. Dry with a cloth.

- A cheap enamel for household use can be made from 1 lb. of paint of a required colour and two pennyworth of size. Dissolve the size in ½ pint of boiling water and stir thoroughly. Add the size mixture to the paint. This makes 1½ lb. of enamel suitable for shelves and similar uses. Use rapidly, as the size dries the paint quickly.

- To conserve that precious store of soap powder avoid tipping the powder straight from the package into the water. Transfer the contents of the package to a tin in the lid of which you have pierced a few holes. Use this as a shaker for the powder.

- Use coffee grounds occasionally in place of scouring powder which is periodically in short supply. For preference use fine coffee grounds to scour the sink and the bottoms of pots and pans.

- Add a teaspoonful of vinegar to the water in which you are wringing out the leather for cleaning windows. This is a great help in removing marks and giving the window a high polish. Use three separate cleaning cloths for windows. A leather for the first operation, a smooth dry cloth for the second and a third, very lightly dampened, for the final polish.

- A number of small cup hooks screwed into a coat hanger which can be suspended near the gas cooker, makes a splendid holder for the small utensils such as cooking spoons and forks, tin-openers and fish slices which you want near to hand while cooking.

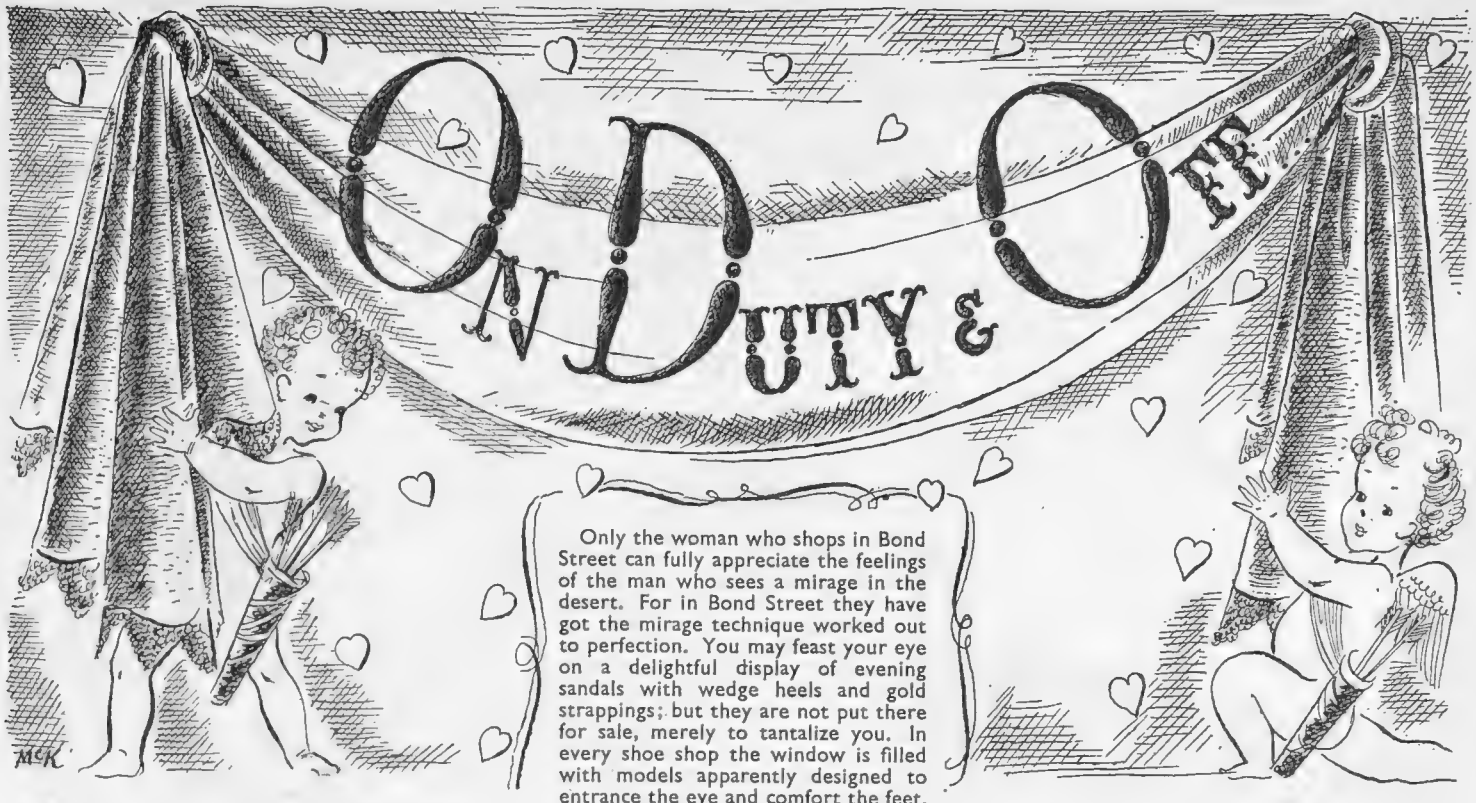
- When sticking broken china with cement it is difficult to hold the broken edges together while the cement is hardening. To simplify this, cover the mended parts with adhesive tape which can be soaked off when the cement has had time to harden.

- When cleaning the gas cooker, use an old toothbrush dipped in hot soda water to clean out the tiny feed pipes which carry the gas into the detachable arm leading to the jet. Use the brush in the same way to clean out the holes in the griller, as these are apt to become corroded with grease.

- If you find evidence of damp in your cupboards, especially where clothes are stored, hang some pieces of camphor in the corners. Coarse net bags make suitable holders for the camphor which helps to absorb the dampness.

LEATHER and hide furniture covering which has grown stained and greasy can be cleaned with a mixture of ammonia and vinegar in the proportions of one tablespoonful of ammonia and one teaspoonful of vinegar to a quart of water. After sponging well, apply castor oil and rub well in. Then polish with good white cream

SCRAPS of cord, velvet and gingham will rejuvenate silk and parchment lampshades



Only the woman who shops in Bond Street can fully appreciate the feelings of the man who sees a mirage in the desert. For in Bond Street they have got the mirage technique worked out to perfection. You may feast your eye on a delightful display of evening sandals with wedge heels and gold strappings; but they are not put there for sale, merely to tantalize you. In every shoe shop the window is filled with models apparently designed to entrance the eye and comfort the feet. But when you come to the door of the shop you will find the notice "Closed". or "Quota sold."

Then there are other windows filled with perfumes in beautiful crystal bottles of every shape and size. But they are not for sale. They are only there to remind us that women in other countries can buy them, but not we. The shops whose names are synonymous with lovely smells seem to take a fiendish delight in allowing a hundred women to queue up along Bond Street at nine in the morning, on the off-chance that the first few may be fortunate enough to buy one small bottle of scent. The rest of the queue must be content with the dummy bottles in the window and the door shut in their face.

Jane Gordon

IT is certainly nice to see men wearing dinner jackets again, even if they are delicately perfumed with moth ball. And it is fun to wear evening dress once more, but after six years of war it is evident that a great many women need a course of low-neck beauty treatment. During all these years when face creams and skin tonics were in short supply, necks received precious little attention, and now that evening dresses are coming back, it is the throat which shows the most sign of wear and tear.

Fortunately, the care expended on your neck is repaid more satisfactorily than almost any other beauty treatment, and if you spend five minutes each night on throat massage and exercises, I will guarantee that within three weeks you will be extremely pleased with the results. Neck massage is particularly important for crepey and scraggy necks, and also for throats which have been discoloured by winter collars. You may prefer to choose the method you like best and stick to it, or you may find it more amusing to use one method one night and another the next night until you have sampled them all.

OFF DUTY

The first method is to smooth on your massage, cleansing or cold cream, using downward strokes, that is, starting from the jaw line and working towards the base of the throat. Use the flat part of your right hand for the left side of your neck, and your left hand for the right side of the neck. Continue massaging in downward strokes until as much cream as possible is absorbed. Wipe off any that is left with an old make-up rag.

Method 2. When you apply your face cream, continue to cream the neck right down as far as the collar bone, and use what is called a knuckle massage for your neck. This is done by closing the hands loosely to form fists; place the second joint of the knuckles at the base of the throat on either side. Moving each finger separately, "walk" the knuckles right up to the chin, knead there a moment, and continue along the jaw line to the lobe of the ear. This time place the knuckles under the chin where the muscles are inclined to droop, knead a moment, and start again at the base of the throat, continue until the whole neck has been completed. Wipe off any surplus cream afterwards.

You will notice that the first method works from the chin downwards, and the second method from the base of the throat upwards.

The third method is to smear on skin food, bend the fingers of both hands, place the flat surface between the first and second joints of the knuckles at the base of the throat, then, in a series of small circles as in the rotary movement, work firmly towards the chin and continue under the jaw to the lobes of the ears.

So much for the massage. Here are some quick neck exercises:

1. Stand up straight, tilt your chin up and clench your fist under your chin. Against the pressure of your clenched fist push your chin downwards. Repeat this six times. This is a great exercise to prevent the formation of double chin.

2. The head rolling exercise is very simple. Sit up straight, let the head fall forward with the chin resting on your chest, and roll the head in as large a circle as possible. Repeat three or four times, first to the right and then to the left.

3. The prima donna exercise, is also useful. You tilt your head back, open your mouth wide, and then slowly close your mouth by pulling up the lower jaw. You should be able to feel the tension under your chin. Repeat three or four times.

If your neck seems discoloured and unworthy of your evening make-up, use a bleach pack twice a week. You will be able to get these face bleach packs at your local chemist for about 1s. Follow the instructions on the pack and follow the bleach by your massage routine.

ON DUTY

EVEN if we have nothing much to cook, it is nice to know that at last we can get sleek, shiny, good-looking kitchen equipment. There is the usual sad story of the manufacturers being unable to get together with themselves. Handles are made in one part of the country, and the pans in another. If the two could be brought together, the flow of saucepans and frying pans would be much greater. However, this will apparently sort itself out in time.

Meanwhile, at Heal's you can get forged aluminium frying pans which can be used for electric cooking as well as for gas and ordinary cooking, price 15s. 6d. Special frying pans with a ground base for electric cooking are more difficult to come by, but they can be found with luck. Stewpans (*Continued on page* 62)

USE YOUR LUNGS

YOU cannot live without breathing, but the majority of us certainly cut it down to a suicidal minimum. Four pints of air per breath is a rough estimate of what your lungs can take, and one pint per breath is what they generally get—unless you have been running.

This means that the bloodstream is only half supplied with vitalizing oxygen. It means that the lungs inadequately rid themselves of their moisture (they should breathe out a pint of water each day) and many bacteria and poisons which should be expelled from the body, remain in the lungs.

In winter the treatment meted out to lungs is even worse. Because the process of breathing in icy air lowers the temperature of the body, the natural inclination is to fight against each intake of air when you are out of doors.

Once you are inside you breathe more freely, but with windows tightly closed and all draughts excluded the air is usually fairly impure.

The body's salvation is the chimney and the fire in the grate, causing an upward draught of hot air; but one grate fire only clears a moderate-sized room for four people.

Parties can be poisonous, and the morning-after headache, the mental and physical sluggishness and drowsy heaviness, can truthfully be blamed on the bad air which was washing through your lungs all the preceding evening.

Singers, orators and those who want to make themselves skilfully audible must learn to use all their lung space. In this you should copy them. They also have to learn perfect control of the outgoing breaths. For the layman, this is quite unnecessary.

All you need is an exercise which will clear the lungs of stale air and then fill them to their maximum capacity. Here it is:

Standing in a normal position with a certain amount of residue air in the lungs suddenly collapse the body forward, squeezing the air out of your lungs with the weight of your shoulders and chest.

As you hang in a toe-touching position, press downwards to the left and right with heavily hanging arms. When you feel that every ounce of air has been expelled from your lungs, slowly bring yourself upwards, raising arms to shoulder level and breathing in as you rise. Hold the lung-full position for a count of five, then breathe out again. When you reach the point when you would normally inhale again, re-start the exercise, collapsing and expelling the residue air.

If you want further exercises write to us, but this one is sufficient. Do it either in the evening or the morning—both if you have time and energy for it. With persistence you will get the habit of feeling your lung capacity and taking in perhaps as much as a pint and a half per breath. You will be rewarded by increased bodily energy and well-being.

NYLON

Nylon is the current topic of interest for women who have been so long denied the luxury of attractive textured materials.

The nylon fabric now being offered in such large quantities in the stores is known as para-nylon, which was manufactured with the special resistant properties required for parachutes. This fabric (which must not be confused with the general purpose nylons which will be coming onto the market within a few months) is exceptionally waterproof and mothproof.

It is excellent for blouses, linings, underslips, detachable collars and cuffs, curtains, lampshades and all similar purposes where a fragile-seeming fabric with great durability is needed.

Para-nylon washes well, but should not be put into very hot water and must be pressed with a cool iron. The fabric is best if ironed before it is dry. It dries almost immediately. The same rules for washing apply to the general purposes nylons which we hope to be wearing soon.

February–March This uncurling exercise will give you perfect posture. Repeat it several times each day until your body knows immediately whether it is standing or walking correctly.

Stand erect with knees straight. Gradually relax the body from neck, shoulders, waist, to pelvis—keeping the knees straight all the while. Your loosely relaxed body should hang in a toe-touching position, arms pendulous.

Get someone to lift an arm. If it flops heavily back into the hanging position without a muscle twitch on your part, it is really relaxed. (It may take days before you can even relax properly.)

Now start to straighten your curled-over spine. Tilt the pelvis forward so that the hips are straight and the tail tucked in. Continue your uncurling, stretching the diaphragm. In this way the breasts are held high, though head, arms and shoulders still hang in complete relaxation.

Bring your head up, making your spine ramrod straight from head top to tail, and let your arms hang leadenly at your sides, so that your shoulders are held well down.

This posture, if maintained all the time, will improve your mental alertness and health, as well as your figure. Spend the month practising this exercise and perfect posture whenever you are on your feet.

Strip-Easing

Health and

March–April Continue the posture control of the previous month, and watch your food. Use the same relaxed control in your approach to this question as you did for posture; neither tense yourself for a starvation diet, nor let your self-restraint collapse after the first enthusiastic days.

It will be easier for you if you get over the idea that you are on the point of breakdown from rationing undernourishment. This attitude encourages between-meal bun binges and over-eating. Your quest should be for a sane and healthy diet, and, if you are a normal overweight person, slimming will naturally follow.

Mental control is needed to make you admit that buns at eleven, pastries at tea, and fried foods are not essential to your body or health. Drinking with meals is injurious to your digestion—so avoid it.

A glass of hot water taken on rising is internally cleansing—try it. Vegetables—raw in summer and cooked in winter—are health foods—eat them. Simplicity of menus, avoiding titbits—the unnecessary helping—these are all health rules. Learn and obey them with the same easy mental control that you used for posture.

Let these habits become your everyday routine—not just a slimming diet. Follow them because they give you a clear brain, and an energetic as well as a comely body.

April–May Keeping the posture and health-food routines of the last two months as part of your daily life, concentrate now on supple activity.

It might be called exercise, but you must avoid the usual tense effort to make your body go through certain motions. For that reason music is advised—turn on your radio and do your exercises to the rhythm of some dance band.

Circling arms, bending waist, high kicking legs, will soon shake off any remnants of fat. Send to us for a sheet of exercises and do them to music if you feel that you cannot improvise effectively. Make your limbs do as you dictate, that is where control comes in, but let them do it easily, with relaxed grace.

The slimmer you become the more vitality you will have and therefore the slimmer you will become.

May–June Summer is here. If you have kept to the four-month plan you have a healthy body, as slim as is natural and becoming for you. Your released energies will keep it that way. In adjusting your living habits to this sane slimming plan, you have stripped your mind of its lethargy, rut-routines and self-deceit.

Increased circulation should keep your brain clearer, more active, just as your body is more active because it is not weighed down with superfluous tissues. You know how to relax physically and can parallel this mentally—relaxation is the great natural restorer of energy.

Forget about your figure and think about getting the best out of the summer months. Get the fresh air and sunshine on your bared limbs and back. For this you planned. Now enjoy it.

There is no ease, or even tease, about stripping in the summer if you are figure self-conscious. Here is a new approach to the fat-figure problem—a four-month plan which peels off layers of extra fat as you peel off winter woollies. If you can keep to it, you will make your life as well as your figure, because the habits dictated by the plan will strengthen your mental and physical energies.

If you want a detailed explanation of this psychology of slimming, we can give you the name of a London consultant who can help you considerably.

The Housewife's Hands

It's coal and dust and pots and pans
That make the worst of housewife's hands.
There's never time to stop and think
When plunging caustics in the sink:
And when at dawn she does the grate
To don cloth gloves she cannot wait.
When washing's done she's much amused
To think of lotions being used
Because just half a minute later
She says she has to peel potatoes.
Her cuticles are ramblers wild
Her nails break off, they're never filed.
And though somehow she keeps them clean
She never works in vaseline.
And when at last she sinks to dream
She quite forgets her good hand cream.
She knows her hands are her disgrace
And so wears gloves to save her face.
If she'd wear cream and gloves at night
Her hands would be her chief delight.

Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

The Meat Ration

THREE-LAYER MUSACA

Chop as much uncooked pork as you can spare and arrange alternate layers of meat, thin slices of raw potatoes and onion rings, also raw. Sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper, pour over 1 cupful of water, cover with breadcrumbs, and on top of these put 1 dessertspoonful of lard. Place a lid on the dish—or a piece of greaseproof paper—and bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. Remove the lid and leave for another 20 minutes.

NEW ROAST

Take 1 garlic bulb and peel each clove separately, wrapping them in sage leaves. Make holes with the point of a sharp knife in your piece of mutton or lamb and introduce 1 garlic clove into each hole. Rub the meat with salt and pepper and stand it on a grill in a clean roasting tin. Pour over 1 gill of water, 1 gill of beer, 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar and add 1 oz. of lard. Cook in a hot oven, basting frequently and allowing 25 minutes for each pound of meat.

STEAMED BEEF

Have ready a clean roasting tin, ½ cupful of chopped onions, ½ cupful of diced carrots and 2 finely-minced celery hearts. Grease the roasting tin and put the meat, without bones or gristle, in it. Surround with the vegetables and cover the meat with rashers of bacon if they can be spared. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add enough water just to cover the vegetables only. Put a lid over the roasting tin and cook in a hot oven for 1½ to 2 hours. Before serving strain off the liquid, season if necessary, and pour over the meat.

MEAT PANCAKE

Mince any meat left-overs (pork is the best) and mix with 2 large mashed potatoes, 1 fried onion, 2 eggs (dry), salt and pepper and enough milk to make a thick batter. Fry carefully on both sides, either as several small, thin pancakes or as one big one. Serve on a dish surrounded by a ring of cauliflower flowerettes.

Harriet Muir

POT-POURRI CASSEROLE

Have ready 1 cupful each of sliced leeks, chopped carrots, diced celery hearts, brussels sprouts. Arrange in layers in a greased fireproof dish and cover with boiling, salted, water. Place 4 mutton chops on top with a nut of margarine on each. Cover and cook in a moderate oven until both the vegetables and meat are ready. Add water if necessary.

FISH DISH

FISH PUDDING

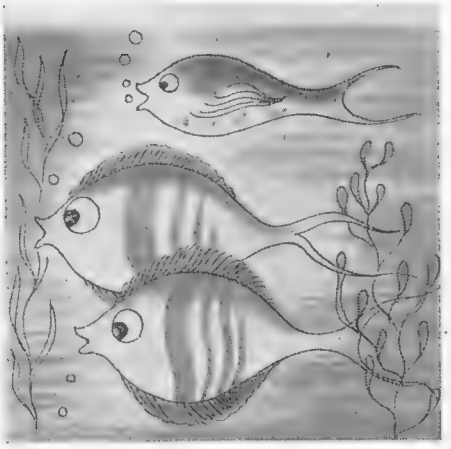
Skin and bone 2 lb. of fish; pass the fish through the mincer or chop it finely. Mix it with 1 tablespoonful of creamed margarine, 2 crustless slices of bread soaked in milk and well squeezed, 1 fried, chopped onion, 1 dessertspoonful of anchovy essence and 3 reconstituted eggs, well beaten up. Place the mixture in a clean cloth, tie the ends together and leave it in boiling water for ¾ hour. Serve with anchovy sauce.

FILLETS OF FISH À LA RUSSE

Roll and tie each fillet and boil for 10 minutes in salted water with 1 onion, 1 carrot, and a bouquet of herbs. Have ready 2 cupfuls of diced, cooked potatoes, 1 cupful of diced, cooked carrots, 1 of tinned peas, ½ cupful of raw, chopped onions, and 1 cupful of cooked cauliflower flowerettes. Mix them well, adding salad dressing and arrange on a dish placing the rolled (cold) fish on top.

CURRIED COD

Cut fairly thickly as many cod cutlets as you need and place in greased fire-proof dish; sprinkle with salt and just cover with a curry sauce. Put a cover on the dish and leave in a hot oven for 20 mins.



CURRY SAUCE

Fry in 1 oz. of margarine 1 sliced onion, 1 grated carrot and 1 chopped celery stick. Add 1 teaspoonful of chopped herbs, 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour, curry powder to taste, and bring slowly to the boil with 1 pint of milk.

Take Two

EGG SAVOURY

Into a saucepan put a nut of margarine, 1 teaspoonful of mixed herbs (chopped), a pinch of salt, 1 gill of meat stock and 2 oz. of grated cheese. Let simmer for 5 minutes then add 4 eggs reconstituted with milk instead of water and well beaten up. Stir the whole mixture until thick and serve on toast.

RAINBOW DISH

Reconstitute 1 egg with tomato purée and make an omelet; dish it up without folding it. Make a second omelet, mixing with the egg 1 tablespoonful of spinach purée and place it on top of the first. Proceed as above until the dish is full, using meat stock for one omelet, grated cheese for another and paprika for a third. Brown in the oven either covered with a white sauce or just sprinkled with margarine shavings and grated cheese.

SARDINE AND EGG SALAD

Reconstitute 4 to 6 eggs, beat them well, add a pinch of salt and scramble them. When ready, turn them out on a dish and mix them with the contents of 1 tin of sardines boned and cut into small pieces.

If tomatoes are available, add some to the salad. Finally, mix in 1 dessertspoonful of salad dressing and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves. The same dish can be served hot, omitting the dressing.

CARAMEL CUSTARD

Burn 2 oz. of sugar in a clean saucepan then add 2 tablespoonfuls of water; stir well and add 1 pint of milk. Bring to the boil while stirring. Remove from the fire and pour over 3 eggs (dry) mixed with 1 level dessertspoonful of custard powder. Strain

MIDDLE EAST PIE

Cut about 1 lb. of mutton left-overs into small pieces and put them in a pie dish. Season, add 1 teaspoonful of mixed herbs, a little nutmeg and 1 tablespoonful of sultanas. Pour over 1 egg reconstituted with 4 tablespoonfuls of meat stock and 1 teaspoonful of vinegar. Cover with pastry and bake in a moderate oven until the crust is golden brown.

MUSTARD AND BEEF

Cut 4 to 6 pieces off your joint of beef, cover each with flour and lay in a greased baking tin. Pour over ¼ pint of water, mixed with 1 teaspoonful of mustard, 1 of vinegar, salt and pepper, and leave in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Then add ¼ pint of a very thin white sauce and leave in the oven for another 20 minutes. Serve with well-creamed mashed potatoes.

Dried Eggs

the whole mixture back into the saucepan and bring to the boil slowly while stirring. Boil for 3 to 4 minutes, then pour into a glass dish and serve very cold.

ECONOMY OMELET

Reconstitute 4 eggs with milk instead of water, allowing 2½ tablespoonfuls of milk for each egg. Add 1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, and make the omelet in the usual way, filling it with any vegetable left-overs chopped and mixed with a curry sauce.

BROWN AND YELLOW CREAM

Reconstitute with milk instead of water 4 dried eggs and whisk for 5 minutes with 4 oz. of sugar and ½ teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Incorporate slowly 1 dessertspoonful of custard powder and 1 pint of milk. Pour into a buttered mould. Stand the mould in a roasting tin filled with cold water and leave in a medium oven until firm, taking care the mixture doesn't boil. Serve hot with a cold coffee sauce.

SWEET GNIOCHI

Bring to the boil ¾ pint of milk with 1 oz. of margarine. When boiling, pour in, stirring continuously, 6 oz. of semolina and when thick and free of lumps remove from the fire and add 1 oz. of sultanas, lemon essence, rum essence and sugar to taste. Let cool and beat in, with a fork, 2 reconstituted eggs. Take dessertspoonfuls of the mixture, shape into balls and arrange on a buttered fireproof dish. Cover with margarine shavings, sprinkle heavily with sugar and leave for 10 minutes in a hot oven. Serve with a cold custard.

JAM FRITTERS

Bring to the boil ½ a glassful of water with 2 oz. of margarine, 1 oz. of sugar and a pinch of salt. When boiling, remove and stir in quickly 4 oz. of sifted flour. Mix well over a low fire, then let it cool and stir in, one at a time, 2 reconstituted eggs. Fry teaspoonfuls of the mixture until golden brown and serve with jam sauce.

Building Ivory Castles

Correct feeding, proper mastication, and cleaning—six-monthly visits to the dentist ensure sound, healthy teeth

By Louisa Kay

GOOD teeth have always been recognized as a vital contribution to good looks, but now we also realize that what they add to good health is equally important.

Teeth are built during the pre-natal period. At birth they are already formed and waiting to make their appearance, so obviously, the foundations of a healthy set of teeth cannot be laid too soon.

If the mother's blood is healthy during her pregnancy, her diet well balanced and a sufficient intake of oxygen assured by plenty of fresh air and exercise, Nature will attend to the healthy development of the baby's teeth.

Later on, at about six or seven months old, when first teeth begin to show, feeding will have a lot to do with the promotion of sound and healthy development. This applies as much to second teeth as to the milk teeth which come along first.

Too much pappy food should be avoided as far as possible. After weaning, the work of mastication is important, not only as a help in cutting teeth, but in promoting a constant and vigorous flow of blood to the gums and jaws. This, as much as anything, is the source of good health in the mouth.

The first set of teeth is usually complete at two years old. These should last until they are pushed out of place by the permanent ones, beginning at about six years. But if the milk teeth are lost too early and before the second teeth are through, insufficient mastication of food will lead to crowding and irregularity of the permanent set.

A first visit to the dentist for a general check-up should come at about two years old. If everything is going well, the next visit can wait until the child is six. That is, when the second teeth begin to make their appearance. From then onwards visits should be at six-monthly intervals, however well things may appear to be going.

Food rich in mineral elements and vitamin D helps to build good teeth. In these days of unavoidable deficiencies in diet, sunshine and cod-liver oil are good additional sources of vitamin D. Sunshine is not always available, but cod-liver oil is.

Teaching little children to masticate thoroughly is as important as teaching them to clean their teeth night and morning. The toothbrush should be introduced when the baby has cut about twelve teeth. Dentifrice is not ideal at this early stage, especially the sweet foaming kind which encourages him to suck the brush. A little Milk of Magnesia is good, but plain water would do.

At six months, a baby can be given a well-boiled bone to bite on. Hard toast, biscuits and apples should follow in good time and, even when he is taking a normal diet, there should be plenty of food requiring mastication.

The miracle of modern dentistry is a fascinating story in itself. If, for any reason, teeth develop decay or gum infection, the good dentist can, with co-operation from the patient, put it right in time, so long as the defect has not been allowed to develop too far.

Troubles beginning in the mouth can be responsible for a general condition of ill health. Rheumatism, indigestion, diseased tonsils, a bad skin and even arrested growth have been traced to unhealthy teeth, the signs of which are not always visible, except to the dentist or doctor.

Thumb and finger sucking also has a bad effect upon the development of teeth because it exerts forwards pressure on the soft bones of the jaw, producing deformity of the mouth and later, prominent teeth which cannot be corrected. Good breathing habits assist the normal growth of the nose and mouth bones. Deep regular breathing through the nose should be encouraged by daily exercises as soon as the child is old enough to co-operate.

These measures and the regular six-monthly visits to the dentist are the surest protection against a silent invasion of the ivory castles.

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Grown-Ups Sometimes Cry

(*Continued from page 12*)

man. Will at last laid down his hammer, pulled a handkerchief from his dungarees, and leaned against the shed's central post.

"Listen, son," he said, laying a grimy hand on the young shoulders. "Don't go telling this to anyone else. Savvy? It's all right with me. I knows when to keep my mouth shut, but there's some as don't."

"But I only told you, Mr. Johnson, so you could help me stop Mr. Cotter." Sheppard looked so woebegone that Will's expression of disapproval altered to one of concern. He sat down on a packing case and pulled the urchin to his side, taking the small fists in his big moist ones.

"See here, lad, I'll tell you what to do. You say nothing. Promise that. Wait till your dad comes home, and then show him the letter. John Cheyne will know what to do—or I'm a nigger."

Sheppard nodded, and to confirm his thorough understanding of the advice, stated solemnly: "Dad will smash the blighter's face in!"

The blacksmith shifted uncomfortably. "I shouldn't expect too much," he qualified. "But your dad will fix this Mr. Cotter, you leave it to him. Now run along, and don't worry your head any more about it. Would you like to hold a shoe while I make it? Come along and I'll show you how to grip the tongs."

SHEPPARD left the smithy with a light heart, his worries transferred to the bigger, more competent shoulders of Will Johnson. As he passed the store he decided to pop in and ask Mrs. Bowen to save one of those torches he saw in the window for him. As soon as he had three-and-eleven, he promised her, he would fetch the torch.

Christmas decorations had been taken down on Twelfth Night, but by the look of the Cheyne's house, they were all back again over the doors and windows. Some of them, magenta paper garlands, Chinese lanterns and purple crepe flowers blossomed along the privet hedge bordering the drive, and festooned the garden arches.

These decorations were Lucy's, in honour of her father's homecoming. Having bedizened the garden she was now working inside the house, balancing on a ladder, her lips clamped over a nail, a bunch of streamers in her hand, while Basil steadied the wobbling step-ladder.

"We're the luckiest family in Camley," Basil announced, and continued the superlatives in a sing-song voice: "luckiest in Gloucestershire, luckiest in England, luckiest in Europe, luckiest in the world." That was the end as far as he was concerned, but Lucy, as usual, capped him.

"——luckiest in the universe. Hand me those red blobbles, and keep your eyes on the ladder."

Where Lucy and Basil were concerned nothing marred the splendour of that snowy morning, the day Nature had so charmingly decorated for daddy's return. The bells in St. Swithin's belfry chimed across the fields, the air sparkled, and there were some lovely smells coming from the kitchen where Cook was roasting a turkey with chestnut stuffing.

The children's excitement was contagious, and had spread to the kitchen where Cook and Flora were trying not to scrap and had succeeded in keeping the peace since breakfast. Lucy overheard Cook tell her daughter that it was right good to hear the master was coming back, poor man.

"He must be starved to death. Them wicked little Nips fed prisoners only on cabbage swill."

"We don't get much else here." Flora usually made that kind of comment out of mother's hearing, but this time Cook pounced upon her, slapped her face, and told her to keep a civil tongue in her head on a special day like this.

"You go upstairs," Lucy heard after a pause punctuated by Flora's sniffs, "and in the black box under my bed in an old hanky case you'll find a little sugar I've been saving. Go on, I'll make you all some toffee apples."

Lucy imparted this wonderful news to Basil. "Yum! Yum! Did you hear? Toffee apples!"

For good-will had broken the crusty hide of an old crab like Boniface. He had bought an offering of apples to celebrate the master's homecoming.

"Found them by haccident in the hattic," the gardener lied glibly. A month ago he had announced that all the apples were finished.

IN the small sun porch off the living-room, dignified by the name of Mother's Study, Laura Cheyne sat at her desk pretending to write, in reality attempting to prepare herself in solitude for her husband.

Her eyes were fixed on the silver inkwell John had given her in 1930, for their second wedding anniversary. She must have glanced at it every day, but on this particular morning it held a special message for her. Her husband's precise caligraphy lay reproduced upon the lid, "Laura and John, June 10th." She removed the crystal well from its silver cup and read her name with a tightening heart. For a moment she was back again in the Pimlico boarding-house listening for the postman's double knock, scurrying down the dim, linoleum-covered passage to the wire basket on the door. She drew out the square white envelope with the Trinity College crest on the flap, turned it over and read her name in that neat hand, and Laura, now John's wife, the mother of his children, again felt the sharp anticipation and the glow that came in knowing that her love was returned, endorsed, and his letter was his bond.

That was fifteen years ago. For a moment Laura experienced rather than remembered how she had loved him once. The impact of her first love, its hope, its uncertainty, its absorption of all her emotion, its insistence that Laura could exist only in John, filled her as if she were eighteen again.

Laura came out of her dream, sighed and shut the inkwell with a sharp click that sounded final and expressed in a way her sense of loss that the burning of first love did not continue. She tried to conjure up John's face, and because she usually thought of her husband in terms of his personality, his kindness and sweetness, she found it impossible to visualize his features. She could have described him in meticulous detail; the colour of his eyes, his hair, and his height, as one makes out a list for a passport—but these items refused to coalesce and form John Cheyne.

For a second Laura contemplated turning up old snapshots to fix his image in her mind, but dismissed the idea as absurd. How could she forget her husband? A smile, wry, ashamed, twisted her lips. And yet she had! She had forgotten and forsaken the man who had shown her more love and loyalty than any other, into whose life she was inextricably woven. It was as if the glance at John's writing had smacked her back into reality out of a gross dream. Laura's eyes gazed unseeingly through the window, and she was conscious of the life around her, the life to which she belonged. This interdependent, compact, familiar world had no room for Dick Cotter, for unhappy, unsavoury situations like divorce. Here affection was domiciled, undemonstrative but true and deep. No one in this corner of England could be expected to understand, far less sympathize with, Laura's association with Dick.

Laura was at last beginning to recognize her love affair with another man as a flaunting, ugly thing, and to turn anxiously towards all that was habitual and established. As Dick's memory receded she wondered how the madness for him had overtaken her, and she wondered also how long this guilty, unpleasant memory would haunt her life with John. The past was finished, she told herself, and as long as John never suspected her folly, no harm was done. She alone would bear the punishment (*Continued on page 52*)

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THE BEST FOR BABY

of a nagging conscience. In the meantime there was much to be done—for John.

SHEPPARD climbed the stairs to the attic, his hand leaving a damp trail along the banister because he was sweating with nervousness. His face was flushed and his eyes were bright, a strand of hair hung damply against his forehead. The excitement that showed in his eyes was unlike that which now infused his brother and sister who were scampering through the house, their good spirits sparking off them like well-charged dynamos.

The attic had been an empty, forlorn place for many years, since A.R.P. injunctions had insisted on the clearance of its junk. Now it was returning to its former function as the place where Laura dumped everything she did not want, but could not bring herself to throw away, where the children hid their treasures, where Boniface stored (some) of the apples, and where the cat had kittens.

Sheppard stepped across the creaking boards to an old trunk where Laura hoarded remnants of materials. He thrust his hand down among the bits of cloth until he came upon the envelope, the unposted letter to Mr. Cotter. He folded it in half, and then again, and again, until it was no more than a stiff pellet of paper. As he put it in his pocket he heard a shout, more strident and joyful than those that had filled the house since early morning. Sheppard guessed that Lucy and Basil had at last caught sight of the taxi.

In his excitement he tumbled down the attic ladder, slid down the banister and almost knocked his mother over as he rushed through the front door. As he passed her he caught her hand.

"Come on, mummy, it's daddy."

But his mother would not move. Astonished the boy looked up to see her with a handkerchief to her eyes. When she took it away he noticed there were tears all over her cheeks. Was she crying? Impossible! Grown-ups didn't cry—but. . . .

"Have you a cold, mummy?"

She nodded. "Run along, while I tidy up."

He hesitated a moment, torn between his loyalties, and then with a whoop he rushed down the garden path.

A tall man, whose skin was as brown as an Indian's, stepped out of a taxi and swung Basil astride his shoulders. The child's muddy shoes bespattered his coat, but he didn't seem to mind. Lucy put her arms round him, and he stroked her hair. Behind him the taxi-driver watched with a smile. Perhaps he was thinking: That's what he's been fighting for, gor' bless him!

Sheppard rushed to his father, but he could scarcely get at him there was already so much of Lucy and Basil in the way. John Cheyne tipped the youngster off his shoulder and put his arms round his eldest son.

"Now come along you young devils, help me out with my stuff."

"Have you brought us any presents?" It would be Basil to ask an uncivil question like that, and Lucy pinched him for it.

"I've got a Japanese samurai sword and a kukri for Sheppard, a pair of Indian tom-toms for Basil, and a sari for Lucy, and you can split up my gear between you."

The children swarmed into the car, grabbing parcels, suitcases, a Thermos flask, rugs, anything and everything they could carry. Their father looked at the driver with a smile. "I'd forgotten just how many children I had. Seems like a regiment," he said to him, and then asked Lucy: "Where's your mother?" while his eyes searched the garden. At last he saw Laura walking between the crazy blossoms of the privet hedge towards him. Behind her, like a welcoming committee he could see the bulk of Annie, the cook, the old gardener, Boniface, his wife, and a young girl who must be the cook's daughter. John Cheyne took in at a glance the Chinese lanterns, the red and blue streamers, the smiling faces and felt a wave of embarrassment overtake him. The Englishman is not a good subject for demonstrations. The children's hilarious joy, however, covered and lessened his confusion, and he walked to the one person on whom his thoughts had turned ceaselessly

Grown-Ups Sometimes Cry

and hungrily during the many absent years.

He was too self-conscious before the audience on the front steps, the driver and the children watching him, to give Laura more than a brief embrace.

"Laura!" was all John said, and in reply she could only say:—

"You're thinner, darling. And greyer, but you haven't changed a bit." What he wanted to say was: You are lovelier than ever. I'd forgotten how lovely you are, Laura. You've been crying, love. I feel like crying myself.

He said instead: "Let me pay off the taxi. Can you rescue the car from this devastating horde of children?" There was no mistaking the pride in his voice when he said the word "children."

"I wonder if Cook could give the driver some tea—it's so cold," John added, and Laura smiled. They were already slipping back into the old, and dear routine. How often John had brought a taxi-driver into the kitchen and scrounged a cup of tea from Cook.

"Annie will have more than tea for everyone to-day," Laura smiled and slipped her arm through John's. "This is a celebration, you know."

"I can see it is." John smiled at the triumphal arches, the sharp colours contrasting with the blue-white snow fields.

Now Boniface was shuffling down the path towards him with the solemnity of a provincial mayor, the womenfolk behind him. John shook hands with them all, avoiding Cook's eyes which made no pretence at concealing their tears. Even Boniface blew his nose with a snort, and John felt a lump in his own throat. He hid his embarrassment by asking Annie what there was for lunch.

"Oh, sir," Cook was overcome, and more tears welled up, "we couldn't decide between steak-and-kidney pud, which we know you like, and a turkey."

"It's turkey with chestnut stuffing," announced Basil. "No coupons, but it cost mummy three quid."

"Shut up!" Lucy pinched her younger brother for the second time, but the atmosphere was discharged of emotion. John laughed and with one arm round Laura, the other about Cook, he led the happy company between the blossoming privets into his home.

SHEPPARD lay in his bed that night waiting for his mother's good-night kiss. He turned over the events of the day: tea in the drawing-room with daddy telling stories of the small mouse who was his friend during solitary confinement; the snow-man he had helped them build in the orchard; his wonderful, sharp kukri.

But through these vivid recollections Sheppard could not help wondering at his mother's tears. That mother should cry—it was strange, and it opened up a new possibility, people in the grown-up world could be miserable just as kids were. Why had mother been unhappy? She should have been glad—as they were. There could only be one answer. Mother's tears must mean that she knew now she had to stay with father, with them, and so she would never see Mr. Cotter again. That was why she was crying. There could be no other explanation, and the matter-of-fact boy who liked exact information about birds, humans, stamps, everything, felt that he had at last satisfactorily answered a question that had worried him all day.

Sheppard sighed with relief. Now that mother was *not* going away with another man there would be no need for father to bust the blighter's face in.

He heard his mother's step, and watched her say good night to Lucy and then to Basil. At last she came to him, heard his prayers, and as she bent to kiss him good night he put his arm round her neck, drawing her head close to his. He felt her cool cheek against his own and held it there for a moment before he whispered:—

"Are you going to marry Mr. Cotter?"

His mother caught her breath sharply. She did not move, but held her attitude, bending over him, one hand supporting her weight along the bed (*Continued on page* 54)

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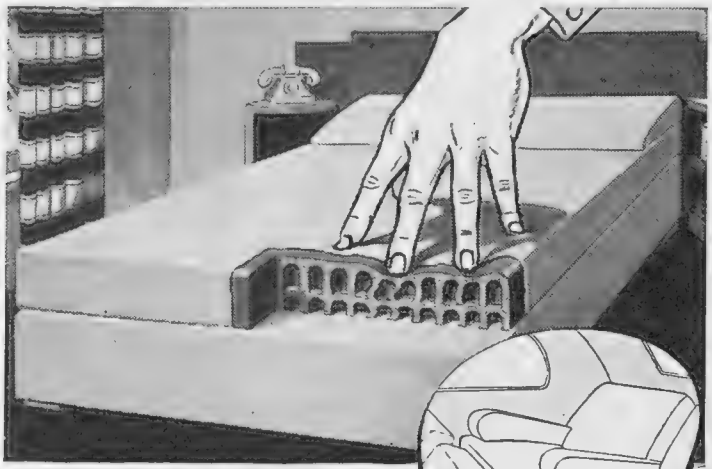

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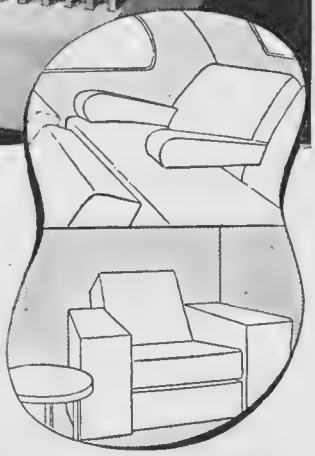

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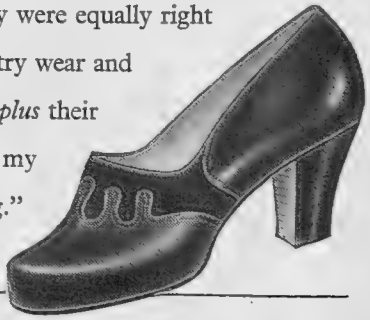

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head. She was so still that the boy demanded :—

"Did you hear me, mummy?"

Laura seemed to let out her breath with a rush.

"*What* did you say?"

"I said," Sheppard whispered, but this time pausing between each word. "You are — not — going — to — marry — Mr. — Cotter—are you? Now that daddy's come home, you won't will you?"

"Oh, darling!" His mother seemed to falter, and Sheppard felt her arm trembling. "Of course I'm not. Whatever gave you that silly idea?"

"You are going to stay with us for ever and ever?"

Again the pause as if his mother had not heard him.

"For ever and ever," she eventually replied.

"Good." The child nestled down into his bed. His mother withdrew her arm but still stood beside him as if she wanted to hear more.

"Then daddy won't have to smash the blighter's face in?"

Grown-Ups Sometimes Cry

"Sheppard!" His mother's voice was astonished, yet tinged with laughter. "Really, darling. What *is* all this about?"

He wasn't going to be laughed at. It was all true, he knew it was, but it no longer troubled him because mother no longer belonged to Mr. Cotter, but to him—and the others. Nevertheless he would give her the letter to prove he wasn't imagining it all. He drew the crumpled envelope from under his pillow where it lay with the Nepalese knife, and thrust it in his mother's hand.

"I never posted it—and I read it, too. I'm sorry I was naughty, mummy."

Laura turned over the envelope, drew out the letter with trance-like gestures.

"Mummy, darling," the boy persisted, determined to clear up the last remaining problem. "When daddy arrived this morning had you really got a cold—or, or—were you crying?"

She kissed him, stroking his hair.

"Grown-ups sometimes cry," she answered. "Now go to sleep, darling."

END

London's Lost Playgrounds

(*Continued from page* 21)

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Robinson, and the Prince of Wales stand among the listening throng beneath the trees, caught forever in an English summer night's dream.

By 1744, Vauxhall found itself eclipsed by Ranelagh, already mentioned at that date by Horace Walpole as the rendezvous for "everybody." The grounds on the east side of Chelsea Hospital mark the site of these romantic Gardens, no trace of which remains.

Once the property of the Earl of Ranelagh (whose mansion still stood there until 1805), the grounds adjacent to Wren's building were formally opened in April, 1742, as a rival to Vauxhall. Here was erected the famous Rotunda, 555 feet in circumference, 150 feet high, providing two tiers of fifty-two boxes and an enormous fireplace for winter concert comfort. This dome-shaped amphitheatre was most elaborately and richly decorated in pale green and gold, hung with festoons of great chandeliers suspended from the roof by ropes, and furnished with an organ as well as with an orchestra dais.

Frequented by the world of fashion, Ranelagh was a favourite haunt of Royal Princes, and visited by foreigners of distinction such as the Prince of Hesse (in 1746) and the King of Denmark (in 1768). But the Gardens were open to all and densely thronged by a varied crowd on summer afternoons and evenings. Music ended at ten, though the *beau monde*, towards the later part of the eighteenth century, made a habit of arriving not much before midnight, since it was becoming the mode to start on the round of pleasure at a late hour. Performers in the Rotunda included celebrities such as Guilia Frasi, the Italian singer; Parry, the Welsh harpist; and the infant prodigy, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—eight years old—who played his own compositions on the harpsichord and organ.

It seems strange to visualize that where nursing-homes and doctors' consulting-rooms now stand, once existed the popular Marylebone Gardens. First mentioned (by Pepys) in 1668, these pleasure-grounds occupied the land now built over by Beaumont Street, Devonshire Place, and Devonshire Street; but, as in other cases, they came to full flowering in the eighteenth century.

Among lesser pleasure-gardens of the same pattern were Bagnigge Wells, Sadler's Wells, Islington Spa, The Flora Tea Gardens in Bayswater, White Conduit House at Pentonville, Jenny's Whim in Pimlico, Don Saltero's in Chelsea, and many others. As time drifted by towards the present age, popular and fashionable tastes veered in other directions until, in the late Victorian years, the Gardens had all vanished or been transformed. The populace found its pleasures in the streets, in music-halls, in exhibitions; parks and open spaces provided purely out-of-door recreation without the fun-fair element. The Crystal Palace, Earl's Court, and the White City at Shepherd's Bush, were pale and vulgarized successors to a full-blooded but handsome tradition.

END

Hostile Witness

(*Continued from page* 19)

you think? Most people undress in their bedroom, then use a bathrobe or dressing-gown. Let's take a walk round the house."

Puzzled, Jamieson followed out through the french window. Peter led the way round, looking up at the bedroom windows. When they reached the other side of the house and he saw the nearly flat-roofed garage built against it, he smiled.

"That'll be the bathroom?" he asked, pointing to a window directly above the garage.

"I think so, yes."

"Was the window fastened?"

"I didn't notice. We've done nothing up there beyond examining Greenwood's body."

"We'll make sure about it, shall we?"

Entering the house again they went upstairs to the bathroom. Peter glanced from the naked body lying on the floor to the bath still nearly full of water, with a sodden towel hanging over its side.

"'Tisn't often people use quite so much water, either," he murmured

He stepped carefully over the wet floor to the window. It was unlatched; and when he pushed it up, it made no noise. Looking more closely he saw that the woodwork had been greased recently, the pulleys carrying the cords oiled.

"Quite a thorough bloke," he said, turning his troubled gaze on the body again. "Made quite sure that Mrs. Hird didn't hear this window opening."

Jamieson grunted. "So it's your opinion now that *he* did it?"

"I think so, Jimmy. He'd be more likely to know the contents of that threatening letter than Mrs. Hird. He came into the bathroom fully dressed, and he ran the taps much longer than necessary. Doesn't that suggest something in the nature of an alibi?"

"You mean he climbed out of the window?"

"Exactly." Peter leaned against the wall. "Let's see if we can figure it out together. We can't do much about motive. It may have been a long-standing hatred, or more likely a question of financial gain. No way of finding out. Greenwood won't tell us.

"His plan, clearly, (*Continued on page* 56)

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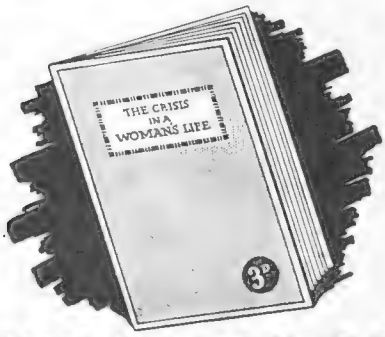

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was to incriminate Walter Southley; or at any rate to convince the police that the murder was an outside job. He knew that Mrs. Hird was both curious and sharp of hearing. He knew that the threatening letter would be found, and the indications of Bartlett's occupation. Even if Southley had a perfect alibi, it would be thought that the murder had been committed by some other of Bartlett's clients."

Peter broke off to examine the body.

"Yes," he went on after a while. "He died of drowning between ten and eleven. And as Grant says, there's no mark of violence on him. Before he was lifted out, the bath must have been full right up to the overflow. Probably the business took rather longer than he expected.

"It happened, I think, this way: He was ready for action when Mrs. Hird came into the study at ten. As soon as the door had closed behind her, he whipped out his flex and strangled Bartlett. This explains why she heard nothing of the struggle; she was going upstairs, moving about in her room. When his victim was dead, he silently unlatched the french window and followed Mrs. Hird. He was perhaps two minutes behind her.

"He came straight in here, bolted the door, turned on the taps, and hopped out of the window. Easy, with that garage placed so conveniently beneath. He walked quietly round and in through the study window. There he removed the flex from Bartlett's neck, got his keys, opened the safe and took whatever he wanted from it. When he was satisfied that Mrs. Hird had settled in bed, he rapped loudly on the window, unlatched it and opened it. Then, muttering in simulation of a subdued conversation, he swung Bartlett's body over his shoulder, carried it out to the shrubbery and dumped it there, trampling the ground around to suggest a struggle.

"He had to climb back here by way of the garage roof, because of the bolted door. Once inside again he turned off the taps, and quickly undressed. He wasn't going to risk giving the show away through neglect of any precaution. If the police somehow discovered that he hadn't taken a bath, they might easily tumble to his scheme. As things were, he'd an excellent alibi which would prevent any suspicion falling on him. Mrs. Hird would hear him go to his room and get into bed. His movements during the time that mattered were fully accounted for."

Jamieson grunted. "So his death *was* a coincidence, after all? Though I suppose, after the excitement of what he'd just done, a heart attack is quite understandable." He frowned. "I can't see that we've any proof of this, Mr. Trevor."

"We haven't looked yet. If I'm right, that length of flex should be in his pocket, awaiting disposal later."

Peter picked up the towel hanging over the edge of the bath, casually examining it. In a few moments Jamieson, busy with Greenwood's clothes, turned back to him.

"You are right," he said. "Here it is!"

"Complete with knots and kinks. That's settled, then. Tell me, Jimmy. Was this towel in the bath with Greenwood?"

"Yes. Evidently he was drying himself when he fainted. Why?"

"There's a small tear in it. See? Surrounded by a faint yellowish stain."

"That can't have anything to do with the case. Anyhow, we've got everything cleared up."

"You did think," said Peter slowly, "that Walter Southley was hiding something."

"Probably it was just as you suggested—he was scared because he guessed we'd found the threatening letter."

"Let's have another word with him. We might be able to persuade him to talk now."

THEY went downstairs to the lounge where Southley was waiting in charge of a plain-clothes man. He still refused to answer any questions, and demanded that he should be allowed to go at once.

Peter toyed with the fatal length of flex. "There hardly seems to be anything for you to worry about," he said. "We know you didn't kill Samuel Bartlett."

"You're trying to trap me!"

"On the contrary, Mr. Southley, we're quite satisfied that he was strangled with this flex by his cousin Harold Greenwood."

"You've arrested Greenwood?"

"Unfortunately we can't. He died in the bath which was intended to provide his alibi, The police surgeon says he'd a heart attack or something of the sort."

"Oh, well, in that case"—Southley's tense attitude relaxed a little. "I suppose I'll have to talk sometime, so—yes, I might as well tell you the whole business now. Then you'll understand why I had to be mighty careful.

"I expect you've found that damfool letter I wrote to Bartlett. He was a twister if ever there was one! Two years ago he lent me a thousand pounds. I've repaid over twelve hundred. Yesterday morning I got a statement of account from him showing that I still owed eight hundred, together with a note saying that unless I settled up immediately, he'd inform my employers. I've got to admit that I saw red. When I posted that letter to him, I really meant it.

"But soon I calmed down and realized that I'd been a fool, that I was helpless in Bartlett's hands. I decided to come round here at night, have a talk with him, and see if I could persuade him into granting me easier terms. I'd often been here before; used to knock on the window of the study and he'd let me in.

"Well, I came. Just after ten. Walking up the drive, I noticed a light in the bathroom window. Just as I reached the top, it went out. I felt sure I saw a figure climb out of the window onto the roof of the garage. A moment later I heard someone drop to the ground. Feeling that there was something queer about this, I decided to investigate. I followed a dim shadow round the house. It disappeared through the french window of the study. Then an electric torch flashed.

"By its light I saw Bartlett sprawled at his desk. I saw someone remove a cord from his neck and pocket it, take his keys, and open the safe. Then this someone hoisted Bartlett on to his shoulder, knocked loudly on the window, noisily opened it and came out, muttering to himself. He carried the body into the shrubbery and dropped it there, afterwards returning to the other side of the house and climbing back through the bathroom window.

"It was clear to me that Bartlett had been murdered by someone inside the house who was making it look like an outside job. For a moment I was tempted to go in search of that damfool letter. But I decided it would be too dangerous. My best course was to clear out and say nothing until I'd seen a solicitor."

Jamieson swore vigorously. "You should have brought your tale to us, and you know it! However, perhaps no great harm has been done." He turned to Peter. "Rather remarkable corroboration of your reconstruction, Mr. Trevor. All in order now?"

"Not quite, Jimmy. Mr. Southley hasn't told us everything."

Southley was startled. "What do you mean?"

"You've omitted the most important part. You can't have forgotten how it suddenly occurred to you that this man who was trying to frame you had the murder weapon in his pocket. If you could kill him before he disposed of it, and make his death look like either accident or suicide, the police would find it and his scheme would be blown sky-high, leaving you in the clear. You climbed up to the bathroom after him, didn't you, and found everything just right for your purpose? So simple, as he splashed in the bath, to thrust his head down beneath the water and——"

"It's a lie! I utterly deny——"

"I'm afraid no one will believe you," said Peter. "You see, the towel you used to avoid leaving any bruises on him shows a yellowish stain surrounding a slight tear. The stain is blood, not completely washed away; and as Greenwood hasn't a mark on him, it can only be his murderer's (*Continued on page 58*

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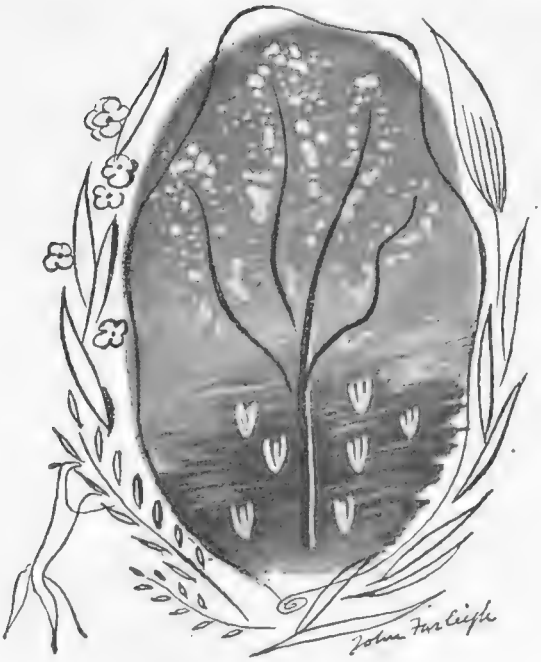

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1 Take one pound of veal or beef bones, well broken up. Cover with a pint and a half of water and add one teaspoonful of vinegar, but no salt. Simmer for 4 or 5 hours in a saucepan.

2 Clean a handful of mixed vegetables (carrots, beet, parsley, and green vegetables), cut up small, add to broth, and simmer for another hour. Then strain. Make up broth to one pint with water.

3 Doctors are generally agreed that the feeding of strained vegetables and broth should not be delayed beyond the baby's fifth month. Start by giving one or two tablespoonfuls at the two o'clock feed.

Busy mothers will find the above recipe useful when they can't get Brand's Bone and Vegetable Broth. But when you do see it, don't miss your chance to buy it, because Brand's Bone and Vegetable Broth contains important mineral salts (calcium — 38 mgs., and phosphorus — 28 mgs., per ounce) needed to develop strong bones and sound teeth.

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blood. The tear was caused by his teeth as he bit through the towel at the hand which was holding his head under water. Now if you wouldn't mind removing that bit of sticking-plaster from your left hand——"

Southley sprang forward, eyes blazing. Jamieson's fist crashed into his face, sending him staggering back into the arms of the plain-clothes man. Peter smiled gratefully.

"Thanks, Jimmy. Was it just a coincidence that that wallop happened to be ready?"

"Coincidence be damned, Mr. Trevor! I never did believe in 'em."

END

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

"MY Bird Sings," by Oriel Malet (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.), tells the sensitive story of Carola, the girl who, looking into an old mirror which has come from Ardelais, a castle in France, sees everything that happened there a hundred years earlier.

In 1843 there were three children, sisters, living in Ardelais, children with whom Carola feels a strange and exquisite kinship.

"My Bird Sings" is the story of the next ten years in the lives of these children, as seen by her through the old mirror.

FROM the pen of William Saroyan comes a new volume of short stories, under the title "Dear Baby" (Faber & Faber, 6s.).

In one of his previous books, "The Human Comedy," Mr. Saroyan made us fully aware of his insight and his power of expression.

This collection is even more representative of the scope of his abilities, from his originality of inspiration to his artistry in delineation.

HELEN DORE BOYLSTON'S lovable Carol Pa e is a firm favourite with a wide circle of readers. These and, I predict, a large number of new acquaintances will enjoy her latest adventures in "Carol Comes to Broadway" (John Lane, The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.).

Encouraged by her success in repertory, and determined to show her still dubious father that she can make good on the stage unaided, "Carol comes to Broadway."

Refusing financial help, she vows that she will make the money that she has saved from her repertory earnings last until she secures a part. But should her money run out first, she agrees to abandon her theatrical career and return to college.

Not a strikingly new idea, certainly, but so amusing and human and refreshing are the people she meets, and so delightfully are her adventures recounted, that her efforts, her failures, her fears and her inevitable ultimate success all go to make up a story full of zest and charm.

"SIX Curtains for Stroganova" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is brilliantly lax in its regard for Fact—but there is nothing lax about the statement of fact that it is brilliant.

Caryl Brahams and S. J. Simon have relied on a distinguished collection of failing memories to give us a deliciously (and sometimes, I suspect, maliciously) inaccurate history of Russian Ballet Memoirs of about thirty-five years ago.

Vladimir Stroganoff, impresario, promised his wife six curtains on the night she danced Coppelia. This was in St. Petersburg in 1910, when the Russian Imperial Ballet danced at the Maryinsky before the Tsar; when archdukes took ballerinas out to supper, and the promising young Serge Diaghilev was shaking the capital with his unorthodox balletic conceptions.

Those inaccurate historians Brahams and Simon have delved deeply into this glittering era to produce this chronicle of the early days of the Ballet Stroganoff.

A. J. CRONIN'S new novel, "The Green Years" (Victor Gollancz, 9s. 6d.), is the very personal story of seven-year-old, sensitive Robert Shannon, left penniless and alone in Ireland when his mother dies shortly after his father.

Robert, who is endowed with the eye and memory of a trained observer, is taken off to Scotland to live with a bunch of his mother's relatives, whom he has never seen before.

He is neurotically introspective and the book deals with his struggles to "find" himself in his alien surroundings.

There is a wealth of characterization and an acuteness of observation here—an analysis of mind and matter—which hold the reader's interest from start to finish.

IN "The Beautiful Miss Burroughs" (Faber & Faber, 9s. 6d.) Anne Meredith poses a number of questions.

Who was Laura Burroughs? What was her history? What happened to her after she had taken London by storm during her first season and made the marriage of the year during her second?

These are the queries which Miss Meredith sets before a young American relative who visits England for a few months during the war just ended and to which she bids him discover the answers.

It is known of Laura Burroughs that she had been painted by John Armitage half a century ago, but whether she was alive or dead now no one could say.

But there is something else Raymond Burroughs set out to discover. The beauty of his ancestor was accepted as legendary and he made up his mind to find out whether, in the words of his young English wife, it really makes for happiness being as beautiful as that.

HERE is a list of other books which wil repay the attention of readers :—

The Faber Gallery (Faber & Faber, 6s.). This series which is designed eventually to cover all European schools, has been edited by R. H. Wilenski. Each book which contains ten or more colour reproductions, has an introduction and notes on the individual pictures by an eminent authority. The first four titles are as follows : "Music In Painting," by Laurence Haward; "Degas," by R. H. Wilenski; "Florentine Paintings (Fifteenth Century)," by Sir Kenneth Clark; "Blake," by Geoffrey Keynes.

"The Observer's Book of Dogs," by Clifford L. B. Hubbard (Frederick Warne, 4s.). Describing three hundred breeds and varieties with 148 illustrations.

"Report On The Market For Household Appliances." Published by Political and Economic Planning, and distributed by Oxford University Press, 18s. A study of the market for household appliances produced by the light engineering industries before the war, the design of the appliances then available and the market as it may exist in the next two years.

"Best Ghost Stories," chosen by Anne Ridler (Faber & Faber, 9s. 6d.). A collection of ghost stories which the compiler could find roughly within the limits of the past 100 years.

"Sorry, Partner!" by Dr. Paul Stern and A. J. Smith (Faber & Faber, 6s.). One hundred and fifty bridge hands as they were played and as they should be.

"Land At War." Prepared by the Ministry of Information (His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1s. 6d.). The official story of British Farming 1939-44.

"No Leisure To Repent," by Barbara Kaye (Hurst and Blackett, 9s.). A novel which deals with sympathetic insight in problems and situations that must inevitably arise in such times as these.

"Saturday Reflections" (Anon.) (Skeffington, 8s. 6d.). A volume of reflections which have appeared from time to time in the *Evening News*.

"Introducing Vera's Husband," by I. J. Workman (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A convincing and ever readable novel.

"Wanderings in Lakeland," by William Palmer (Skeffington, 9s. 6d.). Reminiscences of old-time Lakeland.

END

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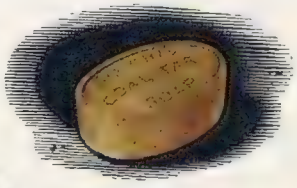

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MAKE WRIGHT'S THE RULE FOR THE TOILET AND NURSERY

It Only Wants Enterprise

(*Continued from page 28*)

do. And you better get outa here for your own sakes. There's angry men around who don't understand business like I do."

Curly nodded absently. "In the strictest confidence, Corporal, you see before you the proprietors of the Popananda Grass Skirt Factory."

"The which?"

"Grass skirts. Like the Marys wear in their villages. Only better made than theirs. Surely you've bought one in your time, to send home as a souvenir?"

"I have. But I bought the real thing, from the boongs themselves."

"Chances are it was made by Johnnie and me. We don't sell direct to the public. We have a team of natives for that; much more artistic. A mission-trained boong called Cyril rounds them up for us, and they sell our skirts round the beaches and camps——"

"My Cyril!" Jay jumped up. "That's my boss-boy and my labour detail. Why, you pair of double-crossing——"

"Wait!" Curly held up a hand, and smiled. There was about him a gentle irony that deflected anger. "We know how you feel. But just wait and hear the best joke in the Pacific."

And Curly told it.

He and Johnnie were orderlies at the local Base Area Headquarters. On one of their stand-down afternoons they had tried their hands at making a native-type grass skirt. The result had been passable. It had then occurred to them that there was money in the idea.

From this had come into being a little syndicate of Australian orderlies, clerks and transport drivers. They put in their spare time cutting the broad-bladed kunai grass, drying it, colouring it in stripe patterns, stringing it on to plaited waist-bands. Cyril came at three-thirty each afternoon to buy the day's output at wholesale rates. He and his team of natives then sold to the troops around Green Beach.

"It's simple, and it's strictly on the level . . . or, anyway, it's on a very slight slant from the level," said Curly. "It meets a public demand for native craft work in a place where there are not enough natives free to cater for it. Johnnie and I run the business. The other chaps just work odd hours for us, for wages." He leaned back. "And now, Corporal, we're asking you to come in with us."

"Me?. Why?"

"There's only chicken-feed in it for us at present. We need to tap more markets in all the other centres round this bay. We can't get to them ourselves. We can't leave our jobs for long enough. But you've got quarter-master trucks going through the whole area every day, and you've got Cyril and his gang under you. All you do is let Cyril ride your trucks, say half a day each week, to organize more boong salesmen round the bay and take supplies to them. We hire more skirt-makers as the orders increase, and you take a sales commission."

"What do I stand to lose?"

"Not a thing. We're putting up the extra capital."

"Huh! You mean the suckers who bought those flags put it up?"

"Correct. We're letting you in because we like the look of you."

Jay grimaced. "Those words," he said, "go with every sale of Grant's Tomb and the Statue of Liberty."

Curly shrugged his shoulders and stood up. "Think it over. Drop in some time and see our factory. Up the dirt road behind our H.Q."

"It sounds crazy enough to be right."

"We can expect you, then?"

"Maybe; maybe not," said Jay.

HE left his jeep where the mud track narrowed to a footpath, and walked on. A turn of the patch disclosed the entrance to a small, level clearing. By this entrance, under a canvas awning rigged on poles, Johnnie sat on a gasolene drum. Stripped to the waist, he was pencilling sums in a notebook.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" said Jay.

Johnnie looked up and grinned. "Hullo!"

"The manager in?"

"Have you an appointment?"

"No; I'm a poor American working my way to Manila."

"Then you can take over this book-keeping, if you like. Go on in. You'll see Curly in the shed, with the swing-shift."

The clearing, some fifty yards across, was encircled by the thick growth of kunai. In the centre of it, an open-sided grass hut shaded a work bench. Around this stood a dozen half-naked Australian soldiers, solemnly assembling grass skirts.

Curly came out of the shelter, wiping sweat from his eyes, and nodded to Jay.

"I thought you were fooling about this factory," Jay told him.

"Never more serious. Johnnie's doing the monthly accounts. We pay the hands this afternoon, soon as they finish to-morrow's quota for your Cyril. Come in and see the work."

The muddle of the place struck Jay at once. The work bench was heaped with yellowing, dried grass. Each man had a knife and a tangle of twine. Cans of assorted paint were scattered along the bench. Each man helped himself from the materials, cut grass into three-foot lengths, plaited a waist-band, tied on the grass in skirt form and daubed it with colour patterns to his own fancy. The results were widely dissimilar; a few were good imitations of standard native work.

"What you need," Jay pronounced, "is the assembly line technique. Get each man doing one thing and doing it well. Mass production gives you a better product faster. Of course, it's none of my business."

"Why isn't it?" Curly asked.

Jay took another stroll round the bench, and came back to him.

"There's no future in it," he said. "But I hate to see waste. Maybe I'd stand in with you for one quick production drive and a sales campaign to clean up the souvenir shortage. Just one quick boost."

Curly put out his hand. "It's on, brother," he said.

WITHIN a few days they quadrupled the workers. In their free time, half the clerks and odd-job men of the Base Area Headquarters came up to the clearing to work at five shillings an hour. Jay classified them by skill for jobs on an assembly line that moved the product along from raw grass to the uniformly completed skirt.

Jay found that he liked these men. Most of them were infantry veterans who had been down-graded medically from their combat units to base service. They would drop a casual word about Greece, El Alamein, or the Kokoda Trail, but mostly they didn't talk war. After four years it had become a state accepted beyond the point of conversation. The skirt factory was to them an episode of burlesque in the tedious upset of values which war brought into life. It amused them to let Jay organize them. It was the joke, and not the pocket money, for which they worked.

The factory now concentrated on production. The native sales force used its off-time solely for a widespread recruiting of district agents. Johnnie and Curly, with the profits of their flag trick melting in wages, became anxious about the overhead. Jay firmly counselled that the selling end of the business stay closed until they were ready for one big drive.

He had a stroke of luck in mproving their paint supplies. A destroyer of the Netherlands Indies Navy anchored off Green Beach for minor repairs, and Jay met an accommodating Dutch petty officer who could produce tins of paint in return for a carton or two of cigarettes. This gave a (*Continued on page 62*)

The spice of life

Variety! That's what we're all wanting nowadays. Ringing the changes for "the pudding" was easy when you could open a can of DEL MONTE fruits—so many tempting varieties, each one of such high quality and flavour that it gave an outstanding note to the meal. However, though we hope it won't be for much longer, this is still a time for contriving. So here is a new way to lift your family's meals out of the doldrums and to help tide you over until your longed-for DEL MONTE fruits come back again.

FRUIT & CHOCOLATE TRIFLE

Five to seven servings. *½ to ¾ of a jam swiss roll; 2-lb. jar bottled pears or apples (sweetened); few drops almond essence; ½ pint chocolate custard; ½ to ¾ pint mock cream; jam or jelly.*

Add almond essence to syrup drained from fruit and pour it over halved slices of swiss roll arranged in trifle dish. Pour chocolate custard on top (made by cooking tablespoonful cocoa with your usual custard recipe). Allow to set, then pour slightly whipped mock cream over. Place fruit on top. If halved, drop small teaspoon of any red jam or jelly in hollow of each.

MOCK CREAM: *2 tablespoons margarine; 2 tablespoons sugar; 4 tablespoons thick blancmange; few drops vanilla essence.*

Cream margarine and sugar together until soft as butter cream. Beat in blancmange a little at a time, add vanilla. Whip well.

DEL MONTE

CANNED FRUITS, ASPARAGUS
ALASKA SALMON, COFFEE, ETC.

British Sales Ltd., London, EC4 (UK572C*)

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TAMPAX

No Belts • No Pins • No Pads

Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex.

more uniformly good imitation of native colouring on the skirts.

Production now drew near the objective of two thousand better-than-real gala grass skirts. Cyril reported sixty natives ready to begin selling in ten bay-side camps.

Then the blow fell.

Jay's quartermaster captain delivered it in the office one morning.

"That boong labour detail of yours is to quit to-morrow, Jay," he announced. "Orders for all the Popananda gangs to report round at Angau for re-allotment."

Jay stared at him.

"Get that, Jay?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't look so darn tragic. Thinking you'll have to do a bit of work yourself now, eh?"

Jay ignored the crack. "What's it mean, sir?"

"The Aussies want all the black help for a carrier line to the mountains. Keep it to yourself, but there's something big coming on in the way of a mopping-up drive against the last of the Nips up there. Everything has to go up the trails by boong-power. It's top priority, and we have to co-operate. See your gang gets to it."

That evening, Jay passed the news to Curly and Johnnie outside the PX.

"Gentlemen, this is Ruin," Curly said. "Except that I'm thinking. There's hope as long as Murchup thinks. Corporal, how many of the local intellects have grasped that the boongs are pulling out?"

"Not many, yet. By tomorrow all Popananda will know, of course."

"Then if we could unload our proposition to-night, on to some sport who didn't know about the famine in salesmen——"

"Wouldn't be honest," Johnnie cut in.

Curly gave him a sour look. "You're a hell of an accountant, to bring that up."

"Wait!" Jay snapped his fingers. "Suppose we sold out to someone who could ship the skirts away and sell 'em somewhere else?"

"Pilot of a C-54? Those boys wouldn't be interested."

"No; but the bos'n of a Dutch destroyer might. And he's got Malays in his crew to help sell."

"You mean the bloke you got the paint from?" Curly asked.

"Pierpont, you've got something. Where is this ally?"

"Just coming out of the PX, behind you."

Curly turned. "I'll handle this, if you like."

He lounged off through the crowd, joined the Dutchman, and began to talk to him. In ten minutes he came back to Jay and Johnnie.

"That was preliminary social chit-chat," he reported. "Your bos'n is very thirsty, and he says he doesn't talk very good English when he's thirsty. If anyone knew of a bottle of beer it might help."

"Take him up to my hut," said Jay. "There's one bottle left, under my cot. Give him a pack of cigarettes, too."

Curly went back to his Dutchman. Fifteen minutes later he returned, alone and smiling.

"Got him interested," he said. "He's fetching a truck and rounding up half a dozen of his sailors, and I'm going up with him to the factory. He says they're sailing to-morrow for Humboldt Bay, and there hasn't been a grass skirt sold there in years. What'll we take for our entire stock?"

"Try him for one hundred and fifty pounds," Johnnie told him. "Our cost of production must have been nearly one hundred."

"But get rid of them, anyhow," Jay put in. "We'll be the laugh of the place if it gets round that we're stuck with two thousand fake skirts. A hell of a situation for a quartermaster's clerk."

"No panic, please," Curly requested. "I've got him amiable. The Murchup charm will do the rest. I'll ask two hundred. After all, he's had Jay's beer. The Dutch always have lots of dough."

Curly went off again.

They gave him half an hour's start, then went to Jay's hut.

Johnnie looked at his watch. "I ought to be back in camp, but I've got to wait for Curly. What'll we do if the Dutchman doesn't buy? Could we try to sell 'em ourselves?"

"Who'd buy a grass skirt off a white man?"

"I know," said Johnnie, miserably.

They waited two hours for Curly. At intervals, truck convoys passed along the road in a glare of headlights.

They both rose when they heard Curly's approach. He came in wearily.

"He turned you down!" Johnnie cried.

Curly sat down blinking in the light.

"No," he said. "He took 'em. Bought the lot. I helped him load. The whole stock is on its way out to his ship now."

"How much?" Jay asked.

"That's the point," Curly yawned. "Cripes! I'm tired. The Dutch can be hard. I assure you, chaps, I put forth the greatest selling effort of my career. Every blandishment, every trick of assumed indifference, of dangled, profitable lure. But he wouldn't go above eighty pounds spot cash."

"What are you growling about?" Johnnie demanded. "That almost clears us."

"Sure. We're well out of it," Jay agreed. "You got the money?"

Curly drew a roll of green notes from his pocket, and pushed it across the table.

"Better count them," he said. "I checked 'em roughly down on the beach, but it was in the dark."

Jay flattened the roll, and began to thumb over the notes. After a few moments he paused. He sat motionless for a little while, his head bowed. He began to smile.

"Day-dreaming, Corporal?" Curly asked.

Jay shook his head. "You know, when little mistakes arise between allies," he spoke slowly, "the great thing is to keep calm. It's a great business principle, too. Calm, boys. Calm."

The others stared in silence while Jay pushed towards them the notes which he had been counting. They were in the valueless currency of Japanese invasion money.

END

It Only Wants Enterprise

On Duty—and Off (*Continued from page* 43)

with lids for electric cooking come in three sizes, prices 16s. 1d., 18s. 7d., and 23s. 6½d. Stewpans for gas cooking are much cheaper costing only 5s. 6½d., 7s. 9d., and 9s. 5d. There is no frying pan for gas cooking; you use the forged 15s. 6d. size.

Kettles are hard to find, especially those of aluminium. The 3-pint size costs 23s. 10d., and the 6-pint size costs 27s. 2d. Most of the kettles are steel or tin, price 7s. 3d. Kettles for gas cooking are in a different size, 4-pint for 5s. 10d. and 6-pint for 7s. 2½d.

In a few weeks now there will be a good deal of metal kitchen furniture, cabinets, tables, sinks and sink cupboards in steel and aluminium, and as there is very little timber in the country the theory is that there will be a great move-over to this new metal furniture. I saw stainless steel sinks in various sizes, some with a single and some with double-draining boards, prices from £12 to £15, and I was told that I would be able to order one to measurement whenever I felt like it.

I was shown the newest thing in aluminium plate racks, which costs 28s. 1d. It screws on to the wall and you can detach one end and add as many lengths as you like. This type of rack is also going to be made to stand on the draining board.

Oddly enough there are plenty of wooden pastry rollers for 2s. 11d., and potato mashers and those nice modern wooden cruet sets and table furniture to be found. In fact, we have so many nice things to cook with and so much good-looking table equipment, that it is a pity that we cannot produce the groaning board of good old-fashioned times.

END

LE GANT 'ALPHABET' BRASSIERES

Which is your figure?

EACH OF THESE MODELS WEARS THE SAME SIZE and same style Brassiere because the wearer of an A Bra can have a broad back, just as the wearer of a D Bra can have a narrow back. Therefore four different bust cups are necessary, BUT the success of these EXCLUSIVE "ALPHABET" Bra's is due to a size graduating principle that cannot escape from our Designing Rooms.

Made by the Makers of Warner's Le Gant Corsetry

LE GANT 'ALPHABET' BRASSIERES

Send 3d. in stamps for Booklet 992 to Dept. 53, Patons & Baldwins Ltd., Alloa, Scotland, or Halifax, England

P&B SHRINK-RESIST PATONISED FINISH *knitting wools*

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Knight's Castile

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Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

SHE GUARDS HER *magnesia smile...*

She's got that sparkling smile that mother loves to see! She makes sure that she keeps her teeth clean, healthy and free from discoloration by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia,'★ which corrects mouth acid, so often the cause of dental trouble.

Children use Phillips' Dental Magnesia gladly because it leaves the mouth feeling clean, and they love its flavour!

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

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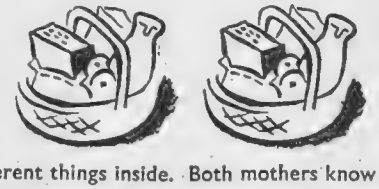
★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

THEY LOOK ALIKE,



BUT... they've different things inside. Both mothers know that porridge is the most nutritious cereal food. But one insists on Scottish oats... for their native goodness and flavour. 'Quick-cooking rolled oats, or oatmeal,' she says, 'it must be milled in Scotland and... IT'S GOT TO BE

SCOTTISH OATS

Inserted by the Scottish Oatmeal Millers' Associations

Brian is *always* lively-

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system, and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

'California Syrup of Figs"

REFRESHING

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Cuticura SOAP

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Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat—and easily digested.

Baked by good Bakers everywhere.

Enquiries to:
MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. IBROX. GLASGOW.

Taking It Straight

(*Continued from page* 36)

shaping until 4½ ins. from the cast on edge Now inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. Work without further shaping until 12 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With contrast wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 64 sts. K. into the back of 1st row. K. 9 rows moss st. Change to main colour wool and st.st. Work for 1 in., then dec. 1 st. at the side edge on the next and every 4th row following until 57 sts. Work without further shaping until 3½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Then inc. 1 st. on the next side edge row and every following 6th row until 68 sts. Work without further shaping until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, then dec. 1 st. every armhole end row until 48 sts. *** Change to contrast wool with a k. row. Work 6 rows moss st. Change to main colour wool with a k. row. Work 6 rows st.st. *** Rep. from *** twice (three contrast stripes in all). Now continue in st.st. until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg of the next neck edge row. Work for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck end row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right front with shaping on the opposite side.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, and contrast colour wool, cast on 56 sts. K. into the back of the 1st row. Work in moss st. for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles, and contrast colour wool with a k. row. Continue in st.st., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 8th row until 94 sts. Work without further shaping until 17 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 44 sts. remain, then cast off 1 st. each end of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

EDGING

With No. 12 needles and contrast wool, cast on 9 sts. Work 2 rows moss st.

MAKE BUTTONHOLE

Work 3, cast off 4, work 3.

Next row.—Work 3, cast on 3, work 3. Continue in moss st., making 6 more buttonholes 2 ins. apart. Work 3 ins. moss st. Cast off. Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool, cast on 9 sts. Work 12 ins. moss st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder sleeve and side seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on front edgings. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Sew on neck band.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; st.st. = stocking stitch; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; sl. = slip; inc. = increase; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning; rep. = repeat; ins. = inches.

END

Elegant in Black

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg of the next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 98 sts. remain. Continue on these 98 sts. without further shaping until armhole measures 6¾ ins.

SHAPE FOR NECK

Work 39 sts., slip the next 20 sts. on a spare needle (pointed both ends). Place the remaining 39 sts. on to a spare needle. Work as follows on the first set of 39 sts. Turn and work back to armhole. Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Place the remaining 15 sts. on the front needle. Return to the 39 sts. on the spare needle and work to correspond with the first set of 39 sts.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until armhole measures 4¾ ins. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 49 sts., place the remaining 49 sts. on a spare needle. Continue until armhole measures the same as for the front. Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Place the 25 sts. on the 2nd needle. Return to the 49 sts. on spare needle, join wool at the centre and work to correspond with the first 49 sts., placing the remaining 25 sts. on 3rd needle.

THE NECK BAND

Sew up the shoulder seams. Join wool at the centre back of neck at the 2nd needle. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 the 25 sts. Continue in rib on the front needle 15 sts., pick up and k. 3 sts. where the turn of the neck comes, rib the next 20 sts., pick up and k. 3 sts., then rib 15 sts. Rib the last 25 sts. on 3rd needle. Continue in k. 1, rib on these 3 needles for 1 in. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 64 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles, work in main patt. for 2 ins., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following, until 86 sts. Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 17 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 30 sts. remain, then 1 st. each end of every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up the side seams and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Work 2 rows of double crochet with a No. 12 crochet hook on the left-hand side of back opening. Work 2 rows down the right hand side. Make button loops and sew on buttons. Press all seams.

END

No More Hermiones

(*Continued from page* 32)

he said and sank heavily into a chair by the window.

"Who's gone?"

"Mary."

"What!" I cried in amazement.

"She's just gone. She left this——" He held out a note.

"Do you want me to read it?" I asked, recovering from the shock his words had caused.

"Please. What on earth am I to do? I've no idea."

Dear Arthur (Mary had written),

I can't stand any more of it. I'm taking a suitcase and clearing out on the six o'clock bus. I'm going down on the night train to my friend at Beechcombe and shall stay there. Martha is packing and sending on my trunk. She (*Continued on page* 66)

WHITWORTH AND MITCHELL LTD. LONDON and MANCHESTER
Producers also of TRICOLINE - the equal to silk

A Message to Women

Despite the end of the war, controls, due to world shortage of materials, continue to operate. Skilled labour, too, is scarce.

So if the hope — yours and ours — of more abundant supplies of better Corsets has not yet been realised, we ask your forbearance. As soon as conditions make it possible for you to have the type of C.B. Corset which gave us all such satisfaction in the past, you will have it. Meanwhile those fortunate enough to obtain a C.B. Utility Corset are finding that the pre-war standard of cut, workmanship and finish places it far above others in coupon-value.

CB and Court Royal

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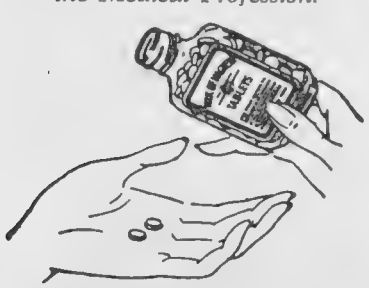
Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.



'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

X marks the spot

where she lost his interest

WHEN you take off your frock, or costume, examine it carefully for stains, dirt, or grease marks. Pay special attention to the back of the neck, elbows, and waist front.

These are the places that usually get dirty first and give you away. Go over them carefully with a little Thawpit on a clean rag. It takes only a few minutes to do. And it pays, because clean clothes last longest and never let you down.

Thawpit will not harm the fabric, however delicate. It is easy and pleasant to use. Leaves no odour. Safe anywhere, because it can't catch fire!

LEAVES NO ODOUR
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PRICE 1/-

DEPENDABLE
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Lixen is vegetable in composition and entirely devoid of unpleasant after-effects. Its natural action in promoting regularity of the system is produced by an extract of senna pods, made gentle and palatable by a special process which removes harshness.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles
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LIXEN
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Scotch Feed?

No, it isn't what you think! It's a part of the intricate mechanism which mixes the various wools that go into a high-class Blanket—so thoroughly that strength and warmth are everywhere.

We are now preparing to make "MODERNA" Blankets for post-war homes. Blankets guaranteed 5 Ways, 5 Years. They will be Fadeless, Odourless, Mothproof, Unshrinkable, and all Pure Lamb's Wool. They will be in the newest of pastel shades, or white with coloured borders.

Just as soon as present conditions permit, you will be able to buy them in all the best stores.

MODERNA
Blankets for Post-War Homes
THOMAS RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD.,
MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS

has instructions to look after you until you make your arrangements to clear out.

Sorry the whole thing has ended like this—but it was apparently inevitable.

MARY.

"What the deuce is it all about?" I demanded.

"She came in this afternoon just as I was kissing Hermione," he said, without beating about the bush.

"Who on earth is Hermione?"

"Mrs. Mortimer Mendel."

"Oh!" I said.

"The whole thing's just silly."

"You mean you were kissing this—lady, in Mary's house?"

"Well—yes."

"Then in the circumstances she seems to have adopted an amazingly reasonable attitude."

"I've been all sorts of a fool!" he exclaimed. "I'd just put the finishing touch to the portrait: it's the best thing I've done. We were standing side by side looking at it, and suddenly she said: 'Genius—sheer genius!' and kissed me. I responded. I had to. I didn't want to kiss the damned woman. I just didn't think—— The whole affair is so—silly!"

"Evidently your wife doesn't think so."

"Why didn't she give me a chance to explain? All she said was: 'I'll tell Martha to bring in tea for you and your girl friend,' and turned away."

"What did Mrs. Mortimer Mendel say?"

"Lost her wool, rather. Said something about Mary being a silly schoolgirl. Then cleared off. I went out a bit later and when I got back I found that note."

"So they've both cleared off?"

"I wouldn't have believed it of Mary," he said, as if the grievance were his.

"You haven't been the easiest of husbands, I imagine. But so long as there was no other woman in the case, Mary didn't seem to mind your tantrums and poses."

"There *is* no other woman in the case. But it seems as if she wants to break everything off."

"It certainly reads like that." I was beginning to be sorry for him.

"I'll go down to Beechcombe to-morrow," he said.

"Who is the friend she is staying with?"

"I've no idea," he said, as he rose.

The next day he went down to Beechcombe. He had two hours to wait at the junction, I learnt afterwards, and it was seven in the evening when at length he reached the only hotel in the place. There was, as he might have known, no vacant room. He was in uniform, however, and the lady in the office was all out to help him.

"I'll see if I can fix up a room for you outside, sir," she said. "We can manage meals all right."

"Thank you," he said with that smile of his. "I'd like something to eat now."

From his seat in the dining-room, he watched his wife come in, half an hour later. She was with a tall and rather distinguished-looking man and they had apparently been tramping over the moors. She did not notice him, and he saw the two of them go up the stairs together.

Other guests were drifting in for the evening meal, but there was no sign of either Mary or her companion. When at length she appeared, she was alone.

Still she did not notice him and crossed to a table where she sat with her back to him. He did some rapid thinking and since his own meal was finished he went over to her table.

"Good evening, my dear," he said, and sat down; the cheerful grin on his face was a brave effort.

Mary started and then said, coldly: "Good evening. Where's dear Hermione?"

"Mossford, so far as I know—or care," he said. "Who's your friend?"

"You mean Walter? He's rather sweet, isn't he? No moods. No tantrums. And utterly reliable."

"You must find him very restful."

At this juncture, the receptionist came over to them and told him that she had managed

to get a room for him in a cottage near the hotel.

"Thanks very much," he said.

"Where is—Walter?" he went on to his wife when they were alone.

"Upstairs."

"Who is he?"

"A good friend of mine. A solicitor."

"Look here, Mary. There was nothing at all in that ridiculous scene with Hermione. Nothing at all——"

"I'm not interested in the woman."

"Nor am I. But Walter's another matter. You must be mad to stay here with him."

"Why?"

At that moment, Walter himself came into the dining-room and came at once to Mary's table.

"Sorry I'm so late," he said.

"Let me introduce," said Mary. "Flight Lieutenant Wilton—Mr. Raisbeck."

The ancient waiter arrived with Mr. Raisbeck's soup, and for a moment the conversation was interrupted; it gave Arthur an excellent opportunity to sum up the other man. He was forty-five or -six, his hair flecked with grey; he had one of those able, clear-cut "legal" faces.

"My wife," Arthur began, "tells me that you are a solicitor."

"That is so. Hardly as exciting or as colourful a life as your own, I'm afraid."

Mary was watching the two men in silence.

"And you think excitement and colour are necessary?" Arthur Wilton asked.

"Necessary for what"

"Life."

"Desirable, perhaps, is the better word. In reason, of course. Do you agree, Mary?" the elder man went on, turning to her.

"Colour, by all means," she replied.

"You've never spoken of this gentleman before, Mary," Arthur said.

"Haven't I? I've known him far longer than I have you."

And then the solicitor said a rather surprising thing: "The moon is coming up," he told them. "Why don't you take Mary for a stroll along the front? I'm afraid I can't join you as I have some work to do."

"That's an idea," agreed the flight lieutenant. "What about it?"

"I'm rather tired," said Mary.

"Just for ten minutes," Arthur pressed. "I've been stuck in a beastly train nearly all day."

"Very well, then," she said. "I'll get a coat."

The solicitor proved to be right. The moon *was* coming up. Indeed, it was a magical evening. Arthur Wilton paused and looked up into the dim blueness as a plane winged its way across the sky.

"Rum bird, your friend," he hazarded. "I rather like him."

"I'm glad you like him. So do I."

"I imagined that."

"His wife has been very ill."

"Oh, he's got a wife?"

"Yes."

"Separated, I suppose?"

"No. She's at the hotel."

"What—this hotel?"

"Yes."

"You little devil!" he exclaimed and suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her.

Most of this I learnt afterwards from my wife who is delighted by what she insists on regarding as a happy ending. It transpired that she had phoned to Mary that morning and told her that her husband was on his way down, and the truth about the Hermione affair. The scene in the hotel dining-room and the stroll which followed was probably, I suspect, staged by Mary, and the whole affair seems to have done Master Arthur far more good than the doctors were doing.

I am not so sure, however, about that Happy Ending. There are not likely to be any more Hermiones, but an artist is a proposition for any woman.

"Oh, go on with you!" my wife said impatiently. "They understand each other now."

END

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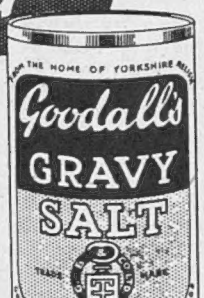

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Islands of Mystery

(*Continued from page 25*)

There are no footsteps of past races here, no ghosts but that, perhaps, of a marooned seaman with an evil conscience put ashore here once to die. But here is the eternal mystery of the "Rollers"—great waves which at certain seasons come up out of a calm sea and shatter themselves in foam on the cliffs of the island, breaking and destroying anything that lies in their way; and there is the riddle, no less unanswerable, of the "wideawakes." The wideawakes, or sooty terns, assemble in vast numbers on Ascension twice in three years, to make their nests and rear their young. Then they vanish; and no one yet has been able to discover what becomes of them in the interval.

The sea knows the answer, no doubt. But the sea is a great keeper of secrets.

Peace Has Its Flying Thrills, Too . . .

(*Continued from page 16*)

music—the sound of my native pipes playing laments in the distance." At last: a sail, and salvation.

JIM MOLLISON had many scares on his record-challenging flights. One, from Australia, was an almost superhuman test of endurance. Flying low over jungle, he made an emergency landing in the dark on ground broken by tree-stumps, rocks, and crevices which he would have shunned in daylight. Over the Mergui Archipelago, a monsoon beat him down to within a few feet of the water. His body ached all over with the strain of holding the machine on its course. Either she or he must give way. "At any moment," he said, "I felt that something must crack, and I knew that if I relaxed and shut my eyes for a second, the monsoon would win and the flight be finished." Over the Arakan Yoma mountains beyond Rangoon he found himself flying up a narrow chasm, the top of which was cloaked by clouds, and the check drove him back 250 miles.

Towards the end of his England-Cape Town flight, completed in 4 days 17½ hours, he narrowly escaped drowning when he tried to land on a strip of beach, ran into the sea, heeled over, was trapped underneath in the closed cockpit, and had to kick his way out through a window.

Another ordeal was that of the French pilot Mermoz, 12,000 feet up in the stormy Cordilleras, while surveying a new route betwen Buenos Aires and Santiago. In a machine with a 16,000 feet ceiling he had to fly over fanged Andes peaks rising to more than 20,000 feet.

Forced down on a tableland, he and his mechanic hunted for two days for a way off, but they were trapped. So they played their last card—took off down a rocky slope and over the edge of a precipice to almost certain death. In falling, the machine picked up just enough speed to give response to the controls. Miraculously, Mermoz found that he could tilt the nose towards a peak and sweep over it—with water spurting through all the pipes burst by night frost.

FLYING towards Jask, on the Persian Gulf, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce landed on a sandy beach to fill up with fresh oil she was carrying in the fuselage. The wheels ploughed into a quicksand, the nose dipped, she was shot violently against the windscreen with the machine's tail upright in the air and the engine buried.

To any young war-pilot browned off at the prospect of peace flying I would say: read (or re-read) the old-timers, books like Saint Exupéry's *Wind, Sand and Stars*, M'Intyre's *Pilots' Book of Everest*, Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith's *My Flying Life*, Norman Macmillan's *Freelance Pilot*, Hans Bertram's *Flight to Hell*, Mollison's *Death Cometh Soon or Late*. Luck may be more lenient to you than to some of these, but you'll have your moments—and something to yarn about in the dull patches!

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THE BEST IN THE WORLD

Hamburg (*Continued from page* 13)

military may have most; still, there they are, and a little "Piccadilly" goes a long way in this Germany.

Hamburg's postal service is near normal, with four collections daily, and the telephone functions nearly 80 per cent thanks to the Royal Engineers and local co-operation.

A new police force clad in the pre-1914 light infantry field-grey uniform wields quiet order—and with wooden truncheons instead of rubber ones.

Food is in less "short supply" than in any other German city, and this despite the fact that a million refugees have flocked into Hamburg and Sleswig-Holstein, only 10 per cent of whom have left again. Despite, too, the loss of Hamburg's principal feeding reservoir, Mecklenburg, to the Russians. But Hamburg still can draw on Sleswig-Holstein which has long lived by its agriculture and fisheries. Hamburg may thank the Royal Navy for its fish in time of need, for the first shipyard employment was of Germans converting minesweepers back into trawlers by the hundred.

And this brings me to what is, perhaps, Hamburg's chief card. Its straddling industry, shipbuilding, and its very *raison d'être*, the port, may lie in a gigantic tangle. Yet Hamburg is still a port; it looks out on the world with every corner of which it was linked, and from over the seas it breathes in sustenance denied every other German city. Even if Germany is not to be allowed to build ocean-going ships—and think what that would mean to the Clyde, Hamburg's opposite—Lord Mayor Petersen put this intangible faith into words. It would not be a mortal blow, he said. "Hamburg can continue to play an outstanding role and keep a tolerable standard of living if the harbour is revived by means of international trade. I would not despair of the situation if I knew that ships under the British flag would be sailing into the harbour and helping to keep alive our trade with the world outside."

Not for nothing has Hamburg been a magnet for Germans from all over the Reich—on an average a thousand enter the city illicitly each day, many by jumping from trains they are not supposed to leave. Germans know well by now that British Occupation rule is not only the least oppressive but the most practically successful. They want to escape to its hub and centre, yet there is also the pull exerted by the outside world, across the seas. Hamburg is a window of hope, a sign, a portent. Germans instinctively feel that life will come back to Hamburg first by reason of a triple conjunction: its position as port, British interest, and the old liberal record as a Free Hansa Town.

Even in recent days the last never quite died out. Hamburg remained the least responsive of all German centres to Nazi fanaticism. Hitler hardly dared risk the comparative chill he knew awaited him there, and when he did venture to the mouth of the Elbe, promptly got sick on his steam-yacht. Only in Kiel were Germans less roused than the Hamburgers, by his magnetism.

Coming on top of its relative luck in the physical sense and a certain cosmopolitanism of outlook inseparable from a maritime metropolis even in ruin. Hamburg's record as the least pro-Nazi of German towns is the real foundation upon which we are building. Hamburg is The German Touchstone. Here, if anywhere, is the place to practise by trial and error. Hamburg won't be rebuilt structurally for a dozen years at soonest, and never as of old should the ban on major shipbuilding be maintained or maintainable; but long ere 1960 a new system of society can be launched upon Germany from the old Hansa capital. One need have no illusions about the Hamburgers—cold, dour folk who would probably have delighted in sitting bloodily on Liverpudlians and Glaswegians. Nothing is secure and the way ahead is fogged. All the same it's going to be Hamburg or nowhere—this famous "re-education" business—so far as we are concerned.

If the democratic habit of mind is to be developed, fortified, and established in Germany, it will be easiest in Hamburg—though "easiest" is not the word. Chance of succeeding will be greatest there, as local political parties, trade unionists, and some intellectuals, have demonstrated by snapping out of that suspicious state of inertia reported from most places. They aren't great shakes but at least they do try to get a move on, as distinct from waiting to be whistled for. They are either Socialists or Communists (a new Conservative party split on whether to omit religion from the mundane political arena), and if Hamburgers can be guided into polling booths this spring to vote in local and political elections, it will mean a lot more than convincing little Fritz that Bismarck was a bad man and Drake a good one.

Another vital reason for interesting the Hamburgers in their ruins is to lessen unemployment—and what a spectre it is! Until now these people have worked at finding food and fashioning shelter, but wait until neither of these pursuits fill their time. What then in what used to be the Continent's greatest port, but bereft now of its means of livelihood—living by and on the sea? We employ less than 200,000, but should two or three times that number become engrossed in the peaceful task of rebuilding their city, that will make things notably easier.

So you see how Hamburg is going to play quite a big part in British affairs? We have chosen to make of it The Test City, and it is going to be a test of ourselves in German eyes, as well.

END

Men Into Twilight (*Continued from page* 15)

where all he had to fight was the great Atlantic wind which menaced his roses. He was practically dead on his feet when Foch, whom he hated, wrote a book. The old Tiger sprang on it with blunt claws and mumbling teeth. He wrote a book in retort, finished the last chapter, laid down his pen, crawled to his bed, lay down, and died. Only that last spurt of flame reminded people that up to then Clemenceau was on and not under the earth.

Lloyd George monopolized limelight and action until 1923, other men on the public stage were bit players to whom he tossed a cue now and then, or lightly dismissed from the cast. Then the British people broke him. He retired to his Churt farm and spent his combative energies, and much of his accumulated treasure, making its sandy soil fertile. Having disintegrated his party base, and had his team of personal adherents scattered, he remained in politics, but without power or influence. He wrote, dictated, received visitors, read, growled publicly and privately, but the spell was broken. One day in early May, 1940, at a country house party, J. L. Garvin, fervently advocated retracing the pattern of history by ousting Consul Chamberlain, who had got Britain into a deadly jam, and recalling farmer Lloyd George, who could work only six hours a day, but knew how to delegate authority, and possessed genius. In the eventual war showdown the old Merlin wasn't given a chance to repeat the Cincinnatus episode. For more than one reason it might have proved embarrassing to recall him to lead the country anyway. He passed more deeply into eclipse—the entire six years of World War II passed without the great man of World War I having any part in the conduct of affairs or the counsels of State. For a moment, towards the end, he did re-emerge from the twilight, so far as public interest was concerned; he married again.

WRITERS don't *have* to retire until their brains atrophy. H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw are wealthy. But as they don't feel alive unless they're expressing themselves in words, they go on, and on. Hardy retired as a novelist, but not as a poet. Barrie retired and let his books sell on. Some think Kipling should have done likewise ten years before his end. Noel Coward could do a Gene Tunney on us any time: he must have all the money he needs, or the tax collector will let him keep. Michael Arlen may have done just this.

He lately come into the news. Driving to see Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Meredith—she is Paulette Goddard—his car crashed, and he was injured. The woman who read the news item to me said: "Arlen? I thought he was dead—killed in one of the blitzes—at Birmingham or somewhere."

This lady was one of Mike Arlen's fans in his *Green Hat* period. Now, she couldn't tell me when he last published a book, but she thought it must be years before the war. When did I last see him? The last time I could remember was '31 or '32. We lunched at the Hungaria. I remember it was slump time, because he talked of money. Hollywood was only paying £500 to £1,000 for stories now. He had got out of England and was living with his wife and child at Cannes. He wasn't too sure of England and had invested several thousands in French rentes. The lady thought this conversation disappointing, but I told her her feeling couldn't compare with that of the American lady who tried to talk to Maeterlinck about poetry, during the "prosperity era," but found him interested only in Wall Street prices; while it was told of Proust that the first time he moved out of his sound-proof study in years was to go to a reception where he knew he would meet Baron Louis Rothschild—he wanted to get his opinion about the wisdom of holding or selling a line of Royal Dutch oil shares.

Arlen made a great deal of money at the right time, in the early 'twenties, when the big bull market was rising. He had a brother who was a stockbroker in New York, and through this shrewd gentleman Arlen invested his winnings from writing, sold at the 1929 peak, waited while prices crashed thereafter, and when solid interest-bearing bonds were selling at firesale prices, reinvested his pile. A friend who saw him at St. Moritz reported: "Mike's got £5,000 a year—he no more has to write than you have to play golf." I daresay he has bettered that now.

AS one human galaxy wanes, another waxes; and it's not always a case of old replacing new, or matchless talent irresistibly surging to the front. The great tides of events wash men from obscurity just as often as they suck them again from our sight. Born a few years earlier or later, Bonaparte would have died a retired Colonel of Artillery, or a mutinous junior officer participating in a conspiracy before the time was ripe. If Schicklgruber had married his third wife ten or even five years earlier or later, the Hitlerian meteor would not have scorched the world for six years and finally burnt out in the wrecked courtyard of the Berlin Chancellery.

END

1.2.46

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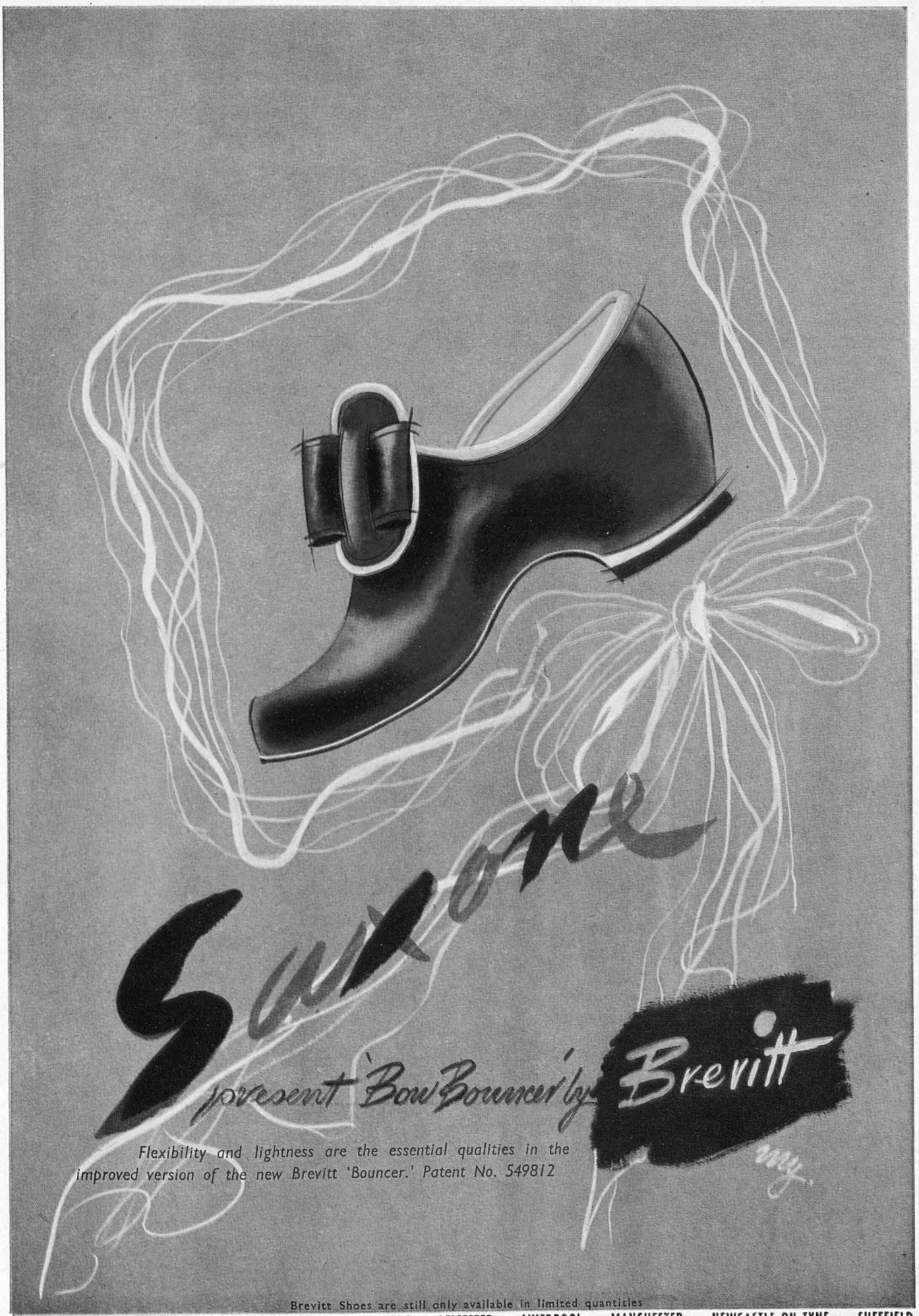
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